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WE gladly print the following extracts from Fridtjof Nansen's speech at Christiania accepting the Nobel Peace Prize:

Surely we have received proof as never before that war secures no good ends even for the side that wins. War is and will ever be negative, destructive; it can never bring aught but evil in its train. And yet, in spite of everything, you have blind, misguided people going about today and talking of "the next war," the next great trial of strength, though they must know it will mean the end, the final destruction, the inevitable doom of Europe. We are on the road back to barbarism. Anyone who has traveled throughout Thrace and seen the whole population out on the roads with their property must inevitably feel himself back again in the days of the great migrations. . . . What humanity needs now is self-sacrificing active altruism which is able not only to give, but also to give up. . . . And when I look around me for the means to bring about this end I confess that I see no hope of saving the situation anywhere except in the League of Nations. It alone gives us reason to hope. Should it fail in its great task, then I should feel that the last hope was extinguished indeed. But I do not believe it will fail. I believe that it can be reinforced by the united strength of all, that we can more and more strengthen the real spirit of international solidarity in it, that we can make it more and more what it is intended to be: the parliament and organ of the united states of humanity.

MOST unusual, indeed, is the insertion in the Navy Appropriation Bill of a paragraph requiring President Harding to enter into negotiations with Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan for the purpose of the further limitation of naval armaments and particularly of submarines, and the House showed common sense in approving it by 251 votes to 9. This is a step in the right direction for, as the House Committee points out, there is the gravest danger of a rivalry in cruisers and auxiliary craft of all kinds which would offset the financial saving due to the limitation of battleships and undo most of the good which the Washington Conference will have accomplished when the treaties growing out of it are ratified. Perhaps the committee has been rereading Lloyd George's sentiment: "Disarmament is the only road to safety for the human race." But the committee falls into the error, which seems inevitable to the official mind, of saying that if the President cannot bring about another conference for the limitation of this kind of craft we shall have to go on outstripping the others, world without end. Of course if we were a truly Christian nation we would set the example by ceasing to build, just as we would have joined England and banned all submarines at the Washington Conference. Again, we would commend to the members of the committee the action of Arthur Henderson, the Labor member of Lloyd George's War Cabinet, who declared at Amsterdam that the Trade Union International was prepared to carry out a general strike against war. Even Mr. Henderson is through with armaments and consent to any war.

WHENEVER a regime totters its archives are opened, and we learn more of other regimes. The chaos in Athens is leading to a recriminatory series of revelations about Mr. Lloyd George's part in Greece's troubles. As early as May, 1920, we find Mr. Lloyd George (the same Lloyd George who complained so bitterly when the French acted independently in Turkey) telling Venizelos that he could no longer reckon on French and Italian support, and that even the British Minister of Foreign Affairs and military authorities were unfortunately Turcophile; nevertheless Mr. Lloyd George personally made "favorable arrangements." After the London Conference in February, 1921, when the Allies agreed to modify the Treaty of Sèvres, Mr. Lloyd George asked the Constantinist officials if they could smash the Kemalists, and upon receiving their optimistic reply, he is reported to have intimated that they need not take the proposals of the London Conference too seriously. The Greeks received the impression that Lloyd George did not want them to accept the Allied offer of mediation for peace in June. When the Greek offensive was going well, his secretaries telephoned the Greek legation twice daily for news, and the Prime Minister was jubilant. But when the Greek armies began to fail he lost interest, informed Gounaris that the return of Constantine had made Allied support impossible, and refused even to grant an interview. Such is the devious and hypocritical record of the man who called upon the world to battle with him for "freedom" and "rights" and "Christianity" in the

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Straits—the Straits that lead to the oil of Baku—and who swore that he, too, only fought at Armageddon to make the world safe for democracy.

OIL—that is the modern fuel of diplomacy. Nor need we Americans feel too superior to the oily diplomacy of the British. More than twenty years ago Rear Admiral Chester, U.S.N., in the course of an expedition to seek redress for damage done to American missionary schools during the Armenian massacres of 1896, obtained from Sultan Abdul Hamid a series of concessions, including the oil-bearing lands of Armenia and Mesopotamia. The importance of oil was then not yet generally recognized, and the concessions were not developed. Abdul Hamid was forced out, the validity of the Chester concessions was questioned, and in due time a friendly group of German and British capitalists, with the aid of their foreign offices, reached an amicable agreement to divide the oil of Mosul between themselves. But during the war Britain had other friends. One of the secret treaties inadvertently assigned Mosul to the French. A later one, however, turned it over to the British. After the war the French protested, and finally obtained at San Remo a "right" to a quarter of the oil. Half was left to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company (which paid 20 per cent on its shares in 1921) and the Burmah Oil Company (which paid 30 per cent), and a quarter to the Royal Dutch Shell (which paid 27 per cent). Then our own American Standard Oil woke up, and very shortly a hail of notes demanding the "Open Door" in Turkey began to fall upon the British Government. And now, following upon our Mr. Child's moral remarks at Lausanne, it is announced that the British quite agree, and would be glad to offer the Standard a 20 per cent share—the Anglo-Persian group to give up 10 per cent, and the French and the Royal Dutch Shell 5 each. Apparently the Shell is reluctant to give up anything, and the Standard wants more; meanwhile Mr. Samuel Untermyer and others have dug up a rival set of claims—all of which provides ample material for the lofty moral phrases usual in diplomacy.

THE assassination of the new Polish President brings to a climax a most unhappy situation. Poland itself has made steady strides upward; that her economic condition has gradually improved is evidenced by the rate of exchange which has been practically stable for a year. But the curse of politics and of conflicting nationalities rests so strongly upon the land as to arouse constantly the fear that peace, quiet, and prosperity are still a long way off. There were recently no less than nineteen parties in Parliament, and there are still four Polish parties in the Senate, in addition to a scattered group of national minorities. The defeat of the Nationalists in the recent elections poured oil upon the flames of racial hatred as did the election of President Narutowicz, who was actually the first president of the republic, General Pilsudski and his predecessors having had the title of Chief of State. The fact that M. Narutowicz was until quite recently a Swiss citizen, that he had not gone through the trials of the war in Poland, and that he was elected by Jewish and non-Polish votes aroused the Nationalists to a frenzy of opposition which culminated in fatal rioting on the streets of Warsaw and the President's assassination by a deranged person. It now remains to be seen if this shocking crime will bring the country to its senses. It is not only that there is still so much to be done to reconstruct the devastated areas and raise the general level of prosperity; somehow or other the warring national factions must be led to live together in harmony and goodwill if Poland is to survive. There is nowhere in the world a more difficult political problem nor one that will mean more to struggling humanity if it is rightly solved, for all over Europe there is the same juxtaposition of clashing elements within national boundaries.

DAUGHERTY sinks lower and lower. He has paroled Fred W. Ossenberg, a Republican politician from Evansville, Indiana, who was sentenced by a Federal court to serve a year and a day in jail for violation of the liquor laws, but he still refuses to release the political prisoners who have passed five consecutive Christmases in prison for no other crime than expressing their opinion that the World War was a capitalistic war. And while Mr. Daugherty is paroling bootleggers Mr. Andrew J. Volstead, who is rumored to have some connection with the liquor laws, sits as chairman of an investigating committee which is quite plainly bent upon whitewashing the Attorney General and discrediting his accuser, Representative Keller. If half of Keller's charges against the committee are true—and we have seen no denial—he is quite right to refuse further participation in its work. The one charge upon which the testimony is already adequate regards Mr. Daugherty's knowledge of William J. Burns's record as a "jury-rigger" before he appointed him to lead the Federal spy service. The committee, however, need not bother to dig into Mr. Burns's remote past. Let them simply read Mr. Burns's record in the case of "Windy" Linde and the Wall Street explosion. Linde has just been excluded from the country as "likely to become a public charge." No one now pretends that he knew anything about the explosion. Yet when he was arrested Burns said "There is no question that we have got the proper solution of the Wall Street bomb plot. We knew it all along," and prattled of $30,000 paid to Linde for the crime, and of prominent radicals implicated. The plain truth is that Burns, like "Windy" Linde, is a braggadocio without respect for the truth, that he also deserves to be known as "Windy," and that as a detective he has become a joke.

GENERAL PERSHING is in danger of wearing out the fine opinion the bulk of our people have had of him because of his modesty, his refusal to yield to the blandishments of politicians, and his abstention from the usual militaristic talk characteristic of commanding generals. Now, he has taken to the stump at the instigation of the American Defense Society to demand a larger army and more officers and to do the usual inveighing against "pacifists, radicals, disciples of the Soviet Government, Ku Kluxers, and advocates of the internationalism" whose pernicious theories may "choke to death our sacred heritage of patriotism and freedom"—if we do not have 13,000 officers instead of 12,000 and 150,000 men instead of 115,000. But General Pershing, sad to relate, made a grave error in denouncing "those cranks who are always tampering with our Constitution." "Let the Constitution alone and live up to it," he shouted. Somebody should have tipped him off that President Harding was at that very moment urging Congress to tamper with the Constitution by amending it as to child-labor and tax-exempt securities, for now the General is in the very dangerous military position of having criti-

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cized his Commander-in-Chief. Altogether we much prefer the attitude of the best of our citizen soldiers, Major General John F. O'Ryan, who so admirably commanded the 27th Division in France. Speaking in Washington to a great gathering of Chautauqua lecturers he called for a "peace survey corporation to work out a peace program which would be acceptable alike to America and the rest of the world" and added significantly that "the last war has proved that preparation for war has not prevented war, nor would limitation of armaments prevent it."

THE successful fight against the new Illinois constitution seems to have centered largely on the issue of home rule; but other issues more vital to every individual citizen undoubtedly helped swell the 750,000 majority which overwhelmed the measure. The new constitution would have imposed an income tax to which all wages above $10 a week would have been subject, the highest rate of taxation never exceeding three times the lowest. Teachers, policemen, and firemen would have lost their old-age pensions. Persons jailed on suspicion of a crime could not have been released on bond previous to their trial. As William Hard said, "the law itself would behave exactly like a mob"—punishing without trial. This provision is particularly startling in the home of the Cook County jail which has just been revealed, after an inquiry of many months, as one of the vilest places of confinement in the United States. The new provisions would have given the State Supreme Court even greater powers than it has, among them the power to appoint judges. In some ways, no doubt, efficiency and clarity in government would have been advanced through the new constitution. But to this end human rights would have been scandalously sacrificed. The people of Illinois guessed as much, for the proposed constitution is dead and the light of liberty still flickers.

JOHN WANAMAKER shone as a great merchant because he was one of the most skilful advertisers the country has produced. His personally signed announcements usually contained an *argumentum ad hominem* and in the beginning were the largest put forth by any department store merchant in the country. This fact gave him great power over the press, which he did not fail to use. Beyond doubt he contributed much to the development of the modern department store, whose rise used to terrify people into the belief that these mammoth undertakings meant the extinction of all retail shops. Time has proved nothing of the sort. The big store with its all-embracing divisions constitutes a great public convenience and frequently results in marked economies. But the small store holds its own. Curiously enough, when Mr. Wanamaker became Postmaster-General he did not bring about the transformation of that department which his long business experience and brilliant executive ability led people to expect. This was naturally due not to any failure of Mr. Wanamaker's personal powers, but rather illustrated how a keen and successful business man may find his hands tied when he tries to reform a government bureau. Politics, red tape, tradition, and the inertia of officialdom all combined to thwart him. In politics Mr. Wanamaker was a pillar of the old Republican order, as in the church, to which he was piously devoted, he was the favorite theme of many a pulpit orator as the most conspicuous type of the "Christian merchant."

NOW is the time for all good New York men, women, and children and true to rally to the support of their city. In the past we have allowed in the columns of *The Nation* certain jibes at our home town; we have even called it names. Those days are past. In the hour of its shame we renounce our frivolous criticisms; we get behind it; we boost it; we do everything we can to restore New York to its proud position at the head of every list. No one yet has denied, we hope, that New York is the largest city in the country, or the richest, or the wickedest. From time to time, however, persons have tried to prove that our own Tammany Hall is not the most corrupt political machine in the United States, and now comes a statement, borne out by figures and dates, showing that New York is only twenty-fourth among the large cities of the country in numbers of murders committed in 1921. Such a statement shocks us profoundly. Where is the local pride of New York's citizens? What are their taxi drivers doing with their spare time? Are its justly famed gunmen and thugs growing indolent and replete? It is hard to excuse such a state of affairs. We can only console ourselves with the fact that our murder rate increased slightly over 1920, and with the reflection that our best murderers have doubtless been busy serving the public in the various strike areas of the country during the past year or two.

RANDOM reflections:

"The King of Greece Visits American Orphanage"—doubtless in search of safe winter quarters.

The New York *World* rejoices that "President Harding has discovered Europe." Perhaps he will discover America next.

"America is heeding the cry of the world, Harding declares." Then it should recognize Russia forthwith.

Senator-elect Fess is both a discoverer and a prophet. "Two years from now," he declares, "the people of this country will realize that President Harding is one of the most brilliant of our Presidents and that he has given this country one of the greatest administrations. He will be reelected by a tremendous vote." And then there are those who wonder why a prophet is not without honor save in his own country!

"La Follette Group Indorsed by Bryan." Now, indeed, is there no hope for the new bloc.

"Hughes for Bettering Diplomatic Service." Well, reform begins at home. Another Secretary of State would better the service a lot.

"A Dry Director Sentenced." But it is not the dry directors who ought to go to jail, but the wet.

"All Contracts for Lloyd George's Book May be Canceled." If we could only cancel some of the contracts of his previous works!

"Lodge's election to be protested because he represents only a fraction of the State." Bless our souls, when did he ever represent anything else than the privileged few?

Dr. A. Wakefield Slaten has been dismissed from the faculty of William Jewell College in Missouri because he does not believe in miracles, demons, or the devil.—Press item.

SAID Dr. Straton to Dr. Slaten:
"Good Lord! Don't you believe in Satan?"
"I fear my faith is fast abatin',"
Said Dr. Slaten to Dr. Straton.

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The Sleeper Awakes

SO Rip Van Winkle is aroused at last—to the extent at least of permitting the impression to go forth to the press that the White House has finally heard the clamoring voice of humanity, the "cry of the world." What his diplomats have for months been urging upon him, what the bankers have pointed out to him, what newspapers like *The Nation* have been demanding of him for two years past, what the inescapable logic of the European situation dictates, President Harding at last seems to discover. We say *seems* because we shall not be certain of the event until it takes place. We cannot forget all the other promises that have been made by Mr. Harding only to be forgotten. There was to have been an association of nations once, but for that the time has never been right. Now, when Europe is nearing its final disaster, when Bonar Law solemnly warns Parliament that Germany is rapidly approaching a complete financial and economic collapse, Mr. Harding suggests that it is time to move. Unfortunately, there is nothing to indicate that his adamant Secretary of State is aligned with him—it is said that the Secretary of State thinks well of the Hughes Administration except when Mr. Harding interferes with it. So this promised American intervention, the mere rumor of which has almost doubled the dollar value of the mark, may be delayed, forgotten, and put aside for a while longer at the behest of a President all too infirm of purpose.

But—long postponed we do not believe that it can be. Opposed as we still are to political alliances and to our entry into the League of Nations, we are convinced that the hope of the world lies in American intervention in Europe along economic and humanitarian lines. We believe that it would be the height of wisdom if the President should now offer a loan of one and one-half or two billions of dollars upon certain terms and conditions, because, if a refinancing of Europe does not soon take place, America will have to spend more than two billions of dollars in doles to keep whole peoples from absolute starvation. We have repeatedly stated in these columns that the whole aspect of the European situation would be changed if the President were to speak, to express our willingness to help. The tonic effect upon England and Europe of the mere publication of these unfathered stories tells its own story and bears out those people who like ourselves have maintained that the moral prestige and the economic power of the United States are still such, despite all the talk of our having cravenly deserted Europe, as to put us into the position of being practically able to enforce any policy upon which the Administration and the Congress may agree. We are well aware, of course, of Poincaré's recent speech in which he again declared that France will go it alone and enforce her own "sanctions" if the Allies should not go along with her. But bluffing is not confined to any one country.

If we feel profoundly certain that the United States must succor Europe, if only out of enlightened self-interest, we are also entirely of Senator Borah's opinion that the United States must couple with its offer of help a demand for a sharp change in European policy. The American people will not subscribe to a great European loan if it is merely to enable France to continue her militaristic attitude and England her imperialism, because if there is no alteration of their position toward pending problems any aid given by us will but postpone the evil day; it will be merely a palliative without curative value. We cannot improve upon Senator Borah's words:

> If these countries will signify their readiness to reduce and adjust reparations to a point which would permit Germany to pay and live, to reduce their land forces, to ratify the disarmament treaties, to recognize the Government of Russia, to expose the secret military conventions now obtaining between one of the great Powers and a number of small Powers, to waive the right to take possession of the Ruhr, then there would be something upon which to begin to work out a plan of salvation. But if the policies which have obtained for four years are to continue, the United States cannot save Europe. To undertake to do so would be simply to aid in crushing and dismembering Germany, to retard the recovery of Russia, to maintain huge armies, and to abet the unconscionable imperialistic policies which now threaten the world with another war.

Here lies in wait, it is true, a great test of statesmanship, but "nothing risked, nothing won." The demand of the House Committee on Naval Affairs that the President seek a further limitation of naval armaments, ought to be additional stimulus to Mr. Harding to call a conference of neutrals, Allies, and former enemy countries alike. It could readily be made a step toward the desired association of nations, and if France should then wish to play the part of dog-in-the-manger it would present the best possible opportunity to confront her with the solidified public opinion of the world. The task is great, we admit, and the time before disaster so brief it does not allow of another five months of treaty-making. That is a reason why the delegates should include a number of business men. Indeed, Mr. Harding is fortunate in having, as we believe, the support of the bankers upon whom would fall the burden of floating our share of a great international loan, for the banking world now realizes the gravity of the German situation and sees that something must be done and done quickly. Moreover, Mr. Harding has a trump card to play by stipulating that of any loan made to Germany a large portion must be immediately available for France. Not even Poincaré could turn his back upon an offer of a half billion American dollars, for his country is today plainly insolvent.

Obstacles? Of course, numberless ones. But the prize to be won by overcoming them is the safety of civilization in Europe. The very dangers and difficulties ought to be all the greater stimulus to Washington. It is unfortunate, we grant, that the State Department is dominated by so rigid a mentality as that of Mr. Hughes, who thinks chiefly in terms of oil and property-rights. But a beginning must be had. We have the faith to believe that if the attempt but be made the response will be so great that each succeeding step will be easier than the preceding. Let Mr. Harding recall the tremendous world acclaim that greeted Mr. Hughes's clear-cut proposals at the opening of the Washington Conference. At a new meeting of the nations England will stand with us and all the neutrals. But we shall have far more compelling allies than they, for behind our spokesmen as they rise to speak will stand the specters of Famine, Pestilence, Revolution, Despair, and Death. The choice will be obvious, and no single nation will be strong enough to block it.

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The Bricks of the New Party

"IT looks as if someone had dumped a wagonload of brick on the sidewalk, but no one knows whether it will be built into a church or a pig-sty"—that was one delegate's apt summing-up after the Cleveland session of the Conference for Progressive Political Action. The material was there for an effective third party frankly based upon a union of the producing classes, but the master-artisans hesitated to start building. They were not sure what sort of a building they wanted to build. The result may be that some dark night their bricks will be stolen.

There was no hymn-singing in this conference, no sense of battling at Armageddon. If there had been, the conference anthem would have had to be: "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." The delegates were farmers and union officers who were scared by any hint of socialism, or even of a forward-looking economic philosophy, who shuddered at the phrase "class consciousness," but who had a profound conviction that Wall Street was in the saddle and that the only way out was for labor and the farmers to get together and elect their own men. That, after all, is the kind of vague revolt out of which political movements are built. The pity of it was that these men did not have the wider vision which effective leadership will require.

Of course there were other reasons why these delegates wanted to move slowly. The railroad men who dominated the conference love Robert La Follette, and they wanted to go slowly about a third party until they were sure that there was no chance of making "Bob" the Republican candidate for President in 1924. Also, just before this conference William Z. Foster had held a successful "amalgamation conference" of local railroad unions in Chicago. His success, which was greatest among the defeated shopmen, had frightened many of the older trade-union leaders. They were not quite sure what an out-and-out labor party might hold in store for them. Hence, in part, the rigidity of their tactics at Cleveland. They opened the conference by refusing to seat the Communist delegates—which inevitably caused a fight and gave the handful of Communists far more prominence than they would have had among the delegates on the floor. They continued by attempting to steam-roller through a modest program which omitted all mention of coal, child labor, amnesty, civil liberties, or even injunctions. Whereupon the rank and file overruled the leaders.

Not that the rank and file of this conference represented any radical submerged tenth. The farmers were real "dirt farmers," inclined, as a delegate from Oklahoma put it, to "feel pretty gun-shy in a handsome place" like the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' auditorium. Most of the labor union representatives were comfortable-looking and gray-haired, obviously men of prominence in their communities. They stayed at the best hotels, and plainly saw no reason why they should not be expected to do so. Labor-union men in America, especially railroad-union men, are not so very different from other small townsmen. The surprising thing was that they had a calm conviction that they were the people who won the "radical" elections in the Middle West last month. If the small townsman turns against the old-party machines to elect La Follettes and Brookharts and Shipsteads and Wheelers something profound is happening in America. Indeed these comfortable Westerners had a contempt for Easterners who are still in an earlier stage. "In Montana," said Senator-elect Wheeler, "we have bankers who are more progressive than your workingmen in the East."

The real fight of the conference was on the question of "independent political action," which is a euphemism for a third party. Had the time come to break away from the old parties, or was there still hope of winning control of them? The Minnesota delegates, bursting with pride at their election of the first Farmer-Labor United States Senator, loudly proclaimed that they were sick and tired of fishing for favors from the old-party leaders. The Nonpartisans from Nebraska announced that they did not need a third party; they had indorsed and elected a Democratic Governor by 60,000 majority, and a Republican Senator by 70,000. The delegates from the national Farmer-Labor Party insisted that the nonpartisan method meant concentration on one or two outstanding candidates to the detriment of the mass of the ticket and left the organization in machine control. A North Dakota farmer drawled that "Wall Street would control the old parties just as long as you leave them in Wall Street's hands. The thing to do is to take the parties away from them. Now, take our case," he said. "I'm a delegate to this conference. I'm also the chairman of the Republican Party of North Dakota." Whereupon the conference roared with laughter and cheered. Eventually, by a vote of 64 to 52, with the railroad vote a unit for nonpartisan action, the conference voted against a sweeping program of "independent political action."

It might seem as if such a cautious conference had accomplished nothing. That would be a mistaken impression. It did not give birth to a new party, but until the railroadmen are ready to take the plunge there is little use in lesser groups breaking the traces. This conference did strengthen the cement which is binding together the farmers and workers of this country, and laying the foundation for a producers' party. There was no jealousy between farmers and city laborers. They had worked together in the last election and they intended to continue working together. The conference was one more experience in solidarity, imperfect but important. It also helped lessen the old gap between the foreign-born workers of the East and the American-born workers of the West. Time and again Morris Hillquit's keen mind found the tactical solution in an hour of stress, and the railroadmen who had always hated and feared this Jewish Socialist gave him an ovation when he left. When Edward Keating of Colorado, attempting to stifle all resolutions from the floor, recommended non-adoption of a protest against President Harding's project of registering aliens Charney Vladeck swept the conference into unanimity by a plea which began "My accent is foreign; my appearance is foreign; I don't know how I can appeal to you."

The ice is breaking. American politics is losing its rigidity. But politics never stay long in flux. If these men dally too long politics will crystallize again, and there will once more be two dummy parties, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, neither one with an economic program and neither with any real interest in the producers. If La Follette and the railroadmen wait until after the Republican primaries to crystallize their forces, they may discover that the bricks have been stolen while they were meditating what to build.

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Matthew Arnold : *December 24, 1822—December 24, 1922*

A STRANGE indifference surrounds the centenary of Matthew Arnold. Was it not but the other day that his name was upon all lips, his example in all minds, that every good liberal quoted him, and every lover of great verse lived with his works? Has his influence been transcended? Has his poetry faded or has its substance, like the substance of so much Victorian work, come to seem not for all time but strictly for one age?

No; the matter stands quite otherwise. If there is quiet about his name today it is because his thought and teaching have been so absorbed into the very current of our age that we are no more consciously aware of them than we are of our pulses and our blood. We all talk Arnold, think Arnold, preach and propagate Arnold. In the dead and almost fabled sixties of the nineteenth century he discovered Main Street with its "imperturbable self-satisfaction," its devastating "provinciality," its dangerous hostility to the "free play of the mind," to any "flexibility of the intelligence." He discovered the eternal Philistine of an industrialized and standardized civilization, who boasts of the output of his factories and the speed of his trains and never stops to consider that these "trains only carry him from an illiberal, dismal life at Islington to an illiberal, dismal life at Camberwell." It was Arnold who diagnosed the central Philistine heresy of substituting means for ends. "Freedom, like industry, is a very good horse to ride—but to ride somewhere."

He discovered Main Street; he discovered Babbitt; he discovered Mr. Mencken's neo-Puritans, reformers, hundred per-centers. "My brother Saxons, as is well known, have a terrible way with them of wanting to improve everything but themselves off the face of the earth." He added: "I myself have no such passion for finding nothing but myself everywhere." He used a rapier rather than a bludgeon; the nicknames which he gave to the enemies of the "children of light" were inspired by an elegant wit and high-bred malice. There is no one among us who would call our conventional political activities "a Thyestian banquet of claptrap." But we are all thinking, saying, proclaiming precisely that in somewhat other terms. How tonic it would be to have all our warm young liberals reread "Culture and Anarchy," which was published in 1869, and "Friendship's Garland," which appeared two years later! How magnificent it would be could they be turned aside from transitory dreams and schemes and panaceas and embrace the ideal and the work which alone, as Arnold pointed out, could cure the evils which he and they alike combat—"the work of making human life, hampered by a past which it has outgrown, natural and rational."

His immediate contemporaries belittled his publicistic activity, the criticism he exercised upon civilization in its totality. The Manchester people thought that machinery and money would save the world; even Mr. Frederic Harrison sneered at Arnold as being a "kid-glove philosopher," what we would now call a vicious high-brow. Arnold was saddened but not abashed. He knew then what recent history has proved through blood and fire. Nothing can save the world except that "free play of the mind" for which he was always pleading, nothing but hard and lucid thinking, nothing but the separation of concepts from myths.

The hostility of cultivated Philistia tended, then, to emphasize primarily his criticism of literature. But even this criticism when it was at its freshest and keenest, as in the essays on The Function of Criticism, on Academies, and on Pagan and Medieval Religious Sentiment, embraced worlds of both perception and reasoning which the ordinary critic of letters had never permitted himself to tread. The second volume of the famous "Essays in Criticism" is thinner in substance and more rigid in temper. Arnold's estimate of Wordsworth was highly personal and of Shelley irritable and absurd. But in these writings, as well as in the delectable "Lectures on Translating Homer," he triumphantly illustrated the fact that literature must be treated with the living mind and the living spirit, that it can neither be labeled nor measured. And throughout the minor essays he set again and again an example of the highest humanism. Thus he revered Dante as a man and as the chief practitioner of the "grand style" in its mood of severity. But when a British editor desired to endear the Florentine to Manchester by constructing for him a conventional history, Arnold serenely brushed the man aside. "I can quite believe the tradition which represents him as not having lived happily with his wife. I can even believe an assertion of Boccaccio that Dante's conduct was at times exceedingly irregular. We know how the followers of the spiritual life tend to be antinomian in what belongs to the outward life." He smiled at the notion of turning Dante into the hero of a "sentimental but strictly virtuous novel." You have but to test Arnold at any crucial point like that. Not for nothing was he throughout life a disciple of Goethe. Not for nothing did he stigmatize

> The barren optimistic sophistries
> Of comfortable moles whom what they do
> Teaches the limit of the just and true.

Like the Marcus Aurelius of his portraiture, he is "wise, just, self-governed, serene."

His poetry, in the decline of Victorian lusciousness, got the reputation of being a little hard and cold. People repeat this criticism, we suspect, without rereading the verse. It has, in many passages, a mellow brightness as of moonlit hills or fountains under stars. But it has also passion, as in the highest lyrics, Philomela and Isolation, or in the great last section of Tristram and Iseult, and it has magic in whole poems—In Utrumque Paratus, the strangely neglected Switzerland lyrics, the divine songs of Callicles, and in single lines such as that incomparable one from Sohrab and Rustum:

> And youth and bloom and this delightful world.

It has, finally, despite querulous gainsayers, constant seriousness and satisfactoriness of substance. Granting that the son of Arnold of Rugby was more troubled over the decay of Christian dogma than we are, it should be remembered that that decay symbolized for him a fact of equal gravity to ourselves—the loss of a rational universe in which to be at home. But he never doubted how a new world was to be built—by justice and by reason, not by claptrap and myth. Of victory in that conflict he was never sure, of its inevitableness and glory always:

> Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall!

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These United States—XIX*

MASSACHUSETTS: A Roman Conquest

By JOHN MACY

IT was at commencement in Cambridge, more than twenty years ago. A multitude of us loyal alumni was lifting its voice in "Fair Harvard." Beside me stood a handsome young man in the garb of a priest, whose clear Irish baritone struck pleasantly upon my ear through the mass of noise.

Till the stock of the Puritans die.

My neighbor was psalming with unconscious heartiness and representing in his own comely person a new era in the oldest intellectual stronghold of the old Bay State. The Puritan was beginning to die. He is not dead yet in Massachusetts and he survives vigorously in the new New England, the Western States. But a generation ago he was losing grip and his hymn was coming true in a way that the author had not intended nor foreseen. A boy with an Irish name was captain of the football team. There had been scandalous and rebellious talk about the hold of boys from Back Bay families and saintly schools upon the crew and the baseball team. At about this time Dr. Eliot, then president of fair Harvard, observed, in one of his frequent shrewd moments, that Massachusetts is a Roman Catholic commonwealth. The stock of our forefathers was visibly losing power. It was losing in religion, in politics, in education, in business.

I hold no brief for any race, creed, party, or other condition of servitude, but merely note facts, especially changes and developments. When Dr. Eliot observed that the codfish commonwealth is dominantly Roman Catholic, he made the observation, we may be sure, with a bland freedom from prejudice. The fact is there. Let us consider it. The most potent clergyman in Massachusetts is William Cardinal O'Connell. But there is no sign of a successor to Edward Everett Hale or Phillips Brooks. Add together the "orthodox" Congregational churches, which are the traditional godly center of all Massachusetts towns, the right and left wings of the Episcopalians, housed in The Advent and Phillips Brooks's Trinity, the Unitarians of old King's Chapel, where once worshiped the intellectual aristocracy of Boston, and all the other Protestant, nonconformist sects, such as Methodists, Baptists, and the rest. The Catholic Cathedral dwarfs them all—that is, as a spiritual institution. I once heard a member of the Clover Club, composed of Irish Roman Catholics, many of them brilliant and delightful, and probably prolific, say that the time was near when a Baptist parade would be impossible in the streets of Boston, partly on account of lack of material and partly on account of interference. The Clover Club thrives. The Papyrus Club is dead. And the Saturday Club of the elder New England wits and poets died so long ago that one has to think of it in terms not of decades but of generations. If it existed today there would not be anybody to belong to it.

Roman Catholic does not mean Irish, in Massachusetts or anywhere else, even in Ireland. But if the two terms do not register exactly, if in Boston and the surrounding mill cities is a large population of Italians, Canadian-French, Portuguese, Poles, who are spiritually subject to the Celtic-American cardinal, nevertheless Irish and Catholic are roughly synonymous in the Bay State. And non-Roman Catholic does not, in an age of slackening interest in religion and of wavering demarcations of faith, mean either Puritan stock or any one brand of nonconformity. The Protestant forces are scattered, lukewarm, and blurred. Consider that the First Church of Christ Scientist is about half way between Brimstone Corner and the Harvard Medical School. If you want to start a sect, start it in Massachusetts. Other States will take it up later. Any dark-skinned individual with straight hair can initiate a new creed in the Back Bay with no other equipment than the dermatological—with pleasure for all concerned and profit to himself. But alone among all diverse groups Irish Catholicism marches triumphantly on.

Politically Massachusetts still plays an important part among her forty-seven sisters, and she has acute private troubles. Nothing can be proved but much can be suggested by contemplating three of her sons who represent her wisdom in the national government. We shall not argue about the party politics of any of them but shall view them as expressions and examples of interesting social conditions. First there is the senior Senator. Mr. Lodge is an aristocrat by birth and training. Perhaps he has never had a great thought. Without question he is neither a Sumner nor a Hoar, but at least he has not for fifty years written or spoken a bad sentence. If he had not given up to politics what was meant for mankind he might have been a distinguished historian and writer of essays. His introduction to the autobiographical "Education" of Henry Adams is a neat bit of writing, worthy of Adams himself. He carries on the traditions of a State which in times past has sent men of letters to all the capital cities of the world, including Washington.

The junior Senator is David Ignatius Walsh, a graduate not of Mr. Lodge's fair Harvard but of Holy Cross, a member not of the Massachusetts Historical Society but of the Irish Historical Society of America. He was a small-town lawyer and seems to have no literary ambitions. For two years he was Governor of the State. He does not belong to the Boston political rings, and his public life has been clean. However that may be, it is safe to predict that he will be succeeded by many of his own race and kind. There will be no more Lodges. That breed is passing.

Above these two learned gentlemen from Massachusetts sits Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge of Northampton, born in Vermont and not, distinctly not, of the Boston Coolidges. They are on

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This is the nineteenth article in the series entitled These United States. William Allen White wrote on Kansas, April 19; H. L. Mencken on Maryland, May 3; Beulah Amidon Ratliff on Mississippi, May 17; Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, May 31; Edmund Wilson, Jr., on New Jersey, June 14; Murray E. King on Utah, June 28; Ludwig Lewisohn on South Carolina, July 12; Anne Martin on Nevada, July 26; Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, August 9; Robert Herrick on Maine, August 23; Arthur Warner on Delaware, September 6; E. E. Miller on Tennessee, September 20; George P. West on California, October 4; Zona Gale on Wisconsin, October 18; Leonard Lanson Cline on Michigan, November 1; Basil Thompson on Louisiana, November 15; Ernest H. Gruening on New York: I. The City, November 29, and Johan J. Smertenko on Iowa, December 13.

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the boards of directors of great trust companies. The highest fiduciary position attained by Mr. Coolidge was that of president of the Nonatuck Savings Bank of Northampton. How he got to be Governor of the State and Vice-President of these United States is one of the inexplicable jokes of politics. The three men, the two Senators and the Vice-President, may be easily placed. Mr. Lodge is the aristocrat, well bred, well educated, with literary talent. Mr. Walsh is the successful small-town Irish lawyer, inclined to progressive ideas, not brilliant but with sufficient command of words not to make a fool of himself, inherently a democrat, and growing with his public experience. Mr. Coolidge is the yokel, neither of the blue-blooded aristocracy nor of the red-blooded invasion. He neither r presents staid tradition nor brings insurgent progress. I have lived among New England farmers and I have read or heard many specimens of what is supposed to be the Yankee manner of speech from Hosea Biglow to "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres." Mr. Coolidge's diction outdoes caricature and parody but has no trace of the shrewd humor of the soil. It must grate on Mr. Lodge's exquisite Boston ear.

There are two men in the political-legal life of the nation of whom the more enlightened citizens of Massachusetts may be proud. How often you find in the dissenting minority of the United States Supreme Court Justices Holmes and Brandeis! Were ever two men of such different origins and traditions linked in the interests of liberalism and humane interpretations of law? The one is an aristocrat with blood as blue as the bluest vein in the fine hand of the senior Senator (it was, I think, Judge Holmes's father who first applied the term "Brahmin" to the Boston swell); and the other is a Jew, whose appointment to the Supreme Court made members of clubs writhe in their leather chairs, not because he is a Jew—he had been accepted socially—but because he had dared to attack State Street and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. These two men are almost always together on the same side, the minority, the beaten, the right side. And both are citizens of a State which is assumed to be the heart of conservatism, of reaction, of the safe and sane. There is matter for reflection in this pair of colleagues. They are in a sense the living survivals of the best New England tradition, of independence, of intellectual courage, of *noblesse oblige* applied to public service—an indication in their disparate origins that the blood-stream is not the channel through which the faith is perpetuated.

The legal profession of Massachusetts has always had a reputation for wisdom and integrity. I once heard a Boston judge say that the decisions of the Massachusetts courts carry weight in England as compared with the decisions of the courts of other States or even of the United States courts, and I think he quoted Pollock as his authority. I am not sure. I merely noted the judge's remark as showing the pride which exists in Massachusetts, and probably in all Atlantic States, in having the approval of Englishmen, and also as showing the great respect, no doubt deserved, in which judges and lawyers are held.

Not long ago the legal profession of Massachusetts, or rather a small part of it, was under fire. Long-standing and well-intrenched corruption in the district attorney's office in Suffolk County, and an infection therefrom in the neighboring Middlesex, was at last brought to the bar of judgment. An elaborate system of extortion and blackmail was revealed and the offending district attorneys were removed from office and disbarred. Now this state of affairs had long been current and generally known in the State. But inextricably bound up in it were the threads of religious and racial antagonism and prejudices. The central figure, the district attorney of Suffolk County, was the "Supreme Advocate" of the Knights of Columbus and hence probably the most conspicuous Catholic layman in the State. This had played no small part in the immunity generally credited to him and his ring. His safety was axiomatic in the whispering galleries of non-Catholic Massachusetts. That he was found guilty by a unanimous Supreme Court of which two members were of his own faith calls for no encomiums, but merely a solid satisfaction that the prophets of peril were again proved wrong. On the other hand the conviction was apotheosized into a religious martyrdom by a group of his friends and a very considerable Catholic following—despite the two Catholic judges, his replacement as district attorney by another Knight, and the Protestantism of his fellow-malefactor in Cambridge. The Catholic following was sufficiently strong to secure for Pelletier the Democratic nomination for the office of district attorney from which he had been removed; and the Democratic nominee for Senator, Mr. W. A. Gaston, a former president of Boston's leading bank, did not repudiate his fellow-candidate. But the voters in this overwhelmingly Democratic district did and so ended a nauseating episode.

The tinder-box is ready for the irresponsible match-thrower. The burning of a convent in the fifties is still street-corner campaign material. The use of public funds for parochial schools is a constantly recurring issue. That they have not been voted in 80 to 90 per cent Catholic Boston would indicate that this religious group is not more than any other politically a unit, nor, as is charged, clay in the hands of its hierarchy. Of course State support may come and will, if the resident "Prince of the Church" has his way. The political cleavage is, generally speaking, along religious lines. Protestant Democrats are for the most part isolated iconoclasts, individualist dissenters, whose part in the State's party politics is wholly disproportionate to their numbers. Social cleavage is even more marked though it is diminishing. But there are still many business firms which exclude typists and office boys because they are Catholic, and owners of estates to whom their gardener's faith is more important than his work. This is of course resented by the Catholics whose most effective response is their steady increase.

The signs of this increase are obvious in the daily press which in no other metropolitan city so extensively chronicles the four-corners gossip and the personal item. The County Kerry Associates are holding their annual ball—with the Mayor, or perchance even the Governor, leading the grand march. The St. Joseph's or Sacred Heart parishes are busy with their whist or other entertainment. The Cardinal has dedicated a new church or chapel with Celtic monsignori in attendance, filling specialized sacerdotal and, to the native, exotic-sounding functions. The Irish are everywhere. "Take for granted in talking with anyone that he is a Catholic unless you definitely know the contrary" was the advice given by a Boston newspaper editor to one of his reporters. Boston is filled today with O'Brien and Fitzgerald and Murphy "Squares" named after the boys who fell overseas —and the square which once bore the name of Edgar Allan

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Poe now bears the name of Matthew Emmet Ryan. And many communities, like South Boston or Dorchester, the summer resorts around Nantasket, or Brant Rock further south, are as homogeneous as the villages of Tipperary. If they are more slovenly they are perhaps more joyous than the habitats of the inbred Bakers and Davises on the Cape, of the Litchfields and Turners of Plymouth County, of the Lanes and Pooles of Cape Ann. If these more recent Americans sometimes mistakenly and stupidly abuse their new-found strength in applying their Index Expurgatorius code to debar from public libraries works on the Spanish Inquisition or the novels of Zola theirs is but a slight transformation of Puritan zealotry. When the trustees of the public library of Brookline, stronghold of the elder respectability, exclude Professor Chafee's scholarly "Freedom of Speech" on the ground of "radicalism," what consistent grounds of protest against newer forms of obscurantism remain for these suppressors?

I have referred to the Boston newspapers, which deserve one more word. In the scandal involving District Attorney Pelletier and others the editors began unctuously rubbing their editorial palms and congratulating Boston and the commonwealth on the house-cleaning—after it was all over. For years every cub reporter had known that all was not well, and many of them with the crusading enthusiasm of youth and decency burned to bring out the facts. Boston editors, if they stay Boston editors, are not made that way. At least not since the days of the late Edward Hazen Clement, who despite restrictions and his inhibitory environment gave the *Transcript* much of the quality which made it the best-known Boston newspaper in the country at large. The rest of the press, unless we except the *Monitor* which is national rather than local, exhibits the dress and cultivation of a boom mining-town. Of it no less an expert than Jason Rogers, publisher of the New York *Globe*, says in his book "Newspaper Building":

> I don't recollect whether the *Post* is responsible for leading nearly all the other Boston newspapers into big black type on the front pages and the playing up of really trifling items beyond news of world-wide interest or not, but I think so. . . . The fact that some small preacher in Lynn slipped from the straight and narrow path is bigger news from the Boston newspaper standpoint than almost any ordinary first-page news in other newspapers throughout the country. Likewise the Boston papers of large circulation follow the erring village pastor and erring mill-worker clear up into Maine or New Hampshire. On the surface of things it would seem that there was a fine opportunity for a first-class, honest-to-God morning newspaper in Boston. . . .

There is such a fine opportunity for real newspapers in Boston, but there will not be one if we concede the truth of Chester S. Lord's dictum that a newspaper cannot be greater than its editor. A newspaper need not be a moral crusader, and its chief business may not be to reform a naughty world, but, in the face of long-continued social blood poisoning those papers did nothing, did not even call for the facts. It was the Attorney General, assisted by respectable and indignant members of the bar, who took the lid off the unsavory Pelletier mess. But no newspapers in America—and the standard is not high anywhere—do less than those of Boston to encourage common ordinary decency in public affairs. They start nothing, but live in timid subserviency not only to the greater economic and denominational powers but to the pettiest wire-pullers, to the cheapest advertising bullies. The editor of the *Herald*, which pretends to be the organ of the cultured—in the jargon, "the quality medium"—once remarked that the modern newspaper was essentially an advertisers' broadside, and its editors were merely hired to fill in the chinks between the advertisements. But even under this conception which dominates Boston journalism the possibility for improving the filling is immeasurable. To find a paper which tries, or in times past tried, to work for the good of its local community, the State, the nation, and the universe, one has to go to Springfield, the home of the *Republican*, an individual and beautiful community, notably free from political scandal, with a fine and justified civic pride.

This suggests that Boston is not the whole of Massachusetts. It is both more than the State and less. It is more than the State because it is the business capital of all New England and it is a national financial center second only to New York and equal to Philadelphia and Chicago. It is the citadel of "protection" and privilege. In the capitalization of the West, the building of railroads, the exploitation of mines, the developing of the textile industries, Boston money was, and is, potent. Boston has no Rockefeller, no Carnegie. But the aggregate wealth in the stockings both of old families and of modern upstarts is tremendous. Nor should we omit mention here of the considerable and fruitful profession of trusteeship—the handling of the estates of defunct industrial pioneers, which nowhere has been more firmly established. That the third and fourth generations are frequently unable to take care of the copper deposits, paper or spinning mills developed by their energetic forbears; that they ride the hounds, or live abroad, or sometimes form innocuous connections with bond houses, indicates that the older stock has not merely been driven out by more fecund newcomers. The old race has of itself been petering, and not a few of its occasional atavistic scions sensing its atmosphere of dry-rot have of late gone elsewhere to seek fortunes founded on their own abilities. Even the children and grandchildren of the recent Abolitionists have faded into complaisant and insignificant conformism. That last and greatest chapter of the contribution of Massachusetts to America has melted into past history. The Union Club still has the tradition of its founding—otherwise it is scarcely distinguishable from the slightly more effete Somerset. Uninspired and static—that is Boston today. Who can adduce tangible or visible evidence to the contrary?

Boston is less than the State because the smaller cities and towns, especially those of the western part of the State, have a character or characters of their own. The eastern cities are Boston, even though they preserve their municipal entities. The region from Lowell to Fall River may be considered as a vast industrial city, interspersed with lovely bits of country, which are rapidly becoming a vast suburban garden. To the west there is something different. The difference may be slight and I do not know how to express it. There is all too little difference between small American cities. But as William James's friend the farmer said: "There's *mighty little* difference between one man and another, but what little there is is mighty important." If you consider that Massachusetts is so small that measured on the map it would look like a mere county of a Western State, and that in an age of communication the distinctions between neighboring communities are being obliterated and State lines are artificial, then you will expect to find the diversities between the eastern and western portions of the little com-

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monwealth faint and hard to define. Yet they are mighty important, if you can capture them. I think of Massachusetts as jammed in between her neighbors, separating them and sharing their natures. Lowell and Lawrence, although near Boston, are like New Hampshire's industrial cities, like Nashua on the same Merrimac. Brockton, Fall River, and New Bedford resemble Pawtucket and Woonsocket in Rhode Island. If I suggest that Pittsfield is like up-State New York, it is not wholly because the General Electric Company has also a plant in Schenectady. It has one in Lynn. Yet Pittsfield is liker to what lies across the line than she is to her sister who lives on the Atlantic coast. Is it not said in this community, where county pride exceeds State pride, regional affection, and patriotism, that "the best thing about Berkshire County is the chain of mountains to the east which shuts it off from the rest of the State"?

Perhaps we put too much emphasis on cities. But Massachusetts is, for America, thickly populated, and the passage from town to town by train or motor is almost imperceptible. The rural life is changing, it is changing character and changing hands. It is changing character because the old village is becoming a small manufacturing town or suburb of a manufacturing town, and the smoke of the mill blows over the fields. I have known many old Yankee farmers but few young ones. Those who turn the sod now and make market gardens in the east and tobacco fields in the Connecticut Valley are foreigners who know how to work and make things grow. The native has not been entirely supplanted, but the tendency is that way. The Yankee farmer is disappearing in Massachusetts, going into business—or getting to be Vice-President of the United States. The most beautiful farms are the playthings of gentlemen who live in Massachusetts or who come to Massachusetts in summer. And Tony or François does the work.

In the villages and small towns you see a State road, sometimes in need of repair but usually good. It runs past a pretty common. Facing the common are stores, bank, church, movie theater, and a few old houses, some of which are run down, some of which have been spruced up by new owners or by heirs who live somewhere else but take a pride in the old place; in some of them the heirs, as pathetic as Hawthorne's Hepzibah, are trying to make a living by a tea-room where tourists are fed nothing for a big price. A factory district. A splendid estate, either the old house made over or a new not altogether successful Italian villa. One of the stores is still owned by Ezra Chapin, who has been town clerk for thirty years, but he is being put out of business by the Greek or Italian grocer on the other corner. The post office is dingy, the church is good, thanks to Wren and a defunct race of carpenters who built both churches and ships, the "libery" is not offensive, the soldiers' monument is a fright, the trees on the trim common are gorgeous unless the beetles or the moths have completely routed the local tree warden and the State commission.

And so to the next town, which is much the same. But it is not always the same. There is diversity within the compass of this tiny commonwealth. If you happen to have been under the delusion that Boston is Massachusetts and that Harvard and Bunker Hill are intellectual and historical Boston, you may be disabused of that idea at odd turns of the road; by the thrill that follows one's glimpse of the gentle dignity and beauty of Williamstown and its college; of Greenfield, of Leicester, of old Salem, of Sudbury, or the quaint charm of Deerfield, of Ipswich, of Marblehead, of Duxbury, of Provincetown, of Newburyport. None of us knew until recently, because it is a recent structure, the beauty of that excellent building which Boston College has erected on the hill overlooking the city. The State is full of learning, at least of visible signs of the effort to learn, Amherst, Williams, Tufts, Wellesley, Smith, Clark, Holy Cross, Boston College, Boston University, Technology, Mt. Holyoke, Wheaton, and others. No State has more conspicuous educational institutions. And every small town provides in its own high school, or by arrangement with a neighboring town, free instruction in preparation for any college. Colleges and college education as they are today need not be taken too seriously, but I insist on the number and variety of the colleges in Massachusetts, because while the other States were developing their own institutions, perhaps greater and better, they always looked to Massachusetts for education, common and preferred.

Then, with all this equipment, is Massachusetts intellectually decadent? In some ways she is, but decadent from the standards which her own people set. Boston is, as Mr. Herford said, the abandoned farm of literature. But not in literature alone. In all the arts, in all intellectual matters Boston, once the Athens of America, is stagnant, moribund. The *Atlantic Monthly* is the sole heritage of the vanished Pericleans.

One reason is that young people of talent follow a tendency, already cited, which is both social and commercial, to move to New York, much as Englishmen seek London and Frenchmen seek Paris. The migration does not greatly matter, for it makes little difference where a man of talent lives. And it seems that the intellectual life of Massachusetts is not quite exhausted by departing sons and the declining vigor of the native stock. For note this, making due allowance for the fact that there is immigration as well as emigration and for the general fallibility of statistics: in the Geographical Index of the latest "Who's Who" New York occupies twenty-seven pages, Massachusetts is second with ten, Pennsylvania and Illinois are third with eight each. And the rest are also-rans. If I have seemed a bit severe at times with the Massachusetts that I have known and loved a generation, it is, I repeat, in relation to values of her own erecting, to ideals of her own creation, to the visions and hopes and aspirations she herself has inspired. It is not by the standards of Mississippi or Arkansas that one judges Massachusetts. Come back to her from afar and there is a clean orderliness, a wholesome stability, a familiarity with the coinage of culture—in short, a civilization, which is as a high plateau to Middle Western flats and Dixie swamps.

The intellect of a community is its great interest, its human value. But God, the God of the Puritans, was active long before the Puritans, or the Indians, or the Irish, or the Italians. He happened to lay out, not as a commonwealth but as a landscape, one of the loveliest corners of His footstool in the small strip of land which is now by man called Massachusetts—the North Shore with its rocks, the South Shore with its sand, the Berkshires on the west, the Connecticut Valley, and all the tumbling hills and gentle smiling little corners in between. It is not so rugged and vivid as the more mountainous and still wild States to the north. Connecticut is a bit softer. The Bay State, most of which is not on the bay, lies between, the heart of New England. God made it so, and man has not yet unmade it.

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Profits and Dreamers: The R.A.I.C.

By MARY HEATON VORSE

LAST year I was in Moscow when Sidney Hillman was making a survey of the Moscow clothing factories. He had two reasons for coming to Russia. One was to discuss with Kaminev the practical details of the famine relief, to which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers gave so freely and at such a sacrifice. The other was to discover the possibility of cooperating with the Russian Government in reconstructing the clothing industry. He came with an open mind, but he is a man who has been called a practical idealist. I met him by chance just as he had visited some of the clothing factories. What he had seen had astonished him. "Why," he said, "with the exception of some details in machinery, that factory is as well run as any of the New York shops." That was the day he telegraphed his union to send a gift of $25,000 worth of needed machinery to the Moscow clothing industry.

I have another picture of him, after his first interview with the Supreme Economic Council. "These are men you can work with," was his emphatic conclusion. "They're idealists, but they're also practical men." Men of the Hillman type. Then followed the preliminary agreement between what is known as the R.A.I.C., the Russian-American Industrial Corporation, and the Russian Government.

When Sidney Hillman and the Supreme Economic Council agreed they could work together Russia was passing through a tragic crisis. Poland threatened war. France had pulled the strings and Bucharest and Warsaw responded. Bandit raids from the Polish and Rumanian borders wrecked trains carrying the precious grain to the starving Volga. Grain elevators were burned, villages terrorized, Soviet officials murdered. The European press was full of stories of the disintegration of the Red army, of peasant revolts, of hunger-crazed peasant mobs marching on cities. Moscow looked on the bandit raids as having deep political significance, a test of Soviet strength. The enemies of Russia thought with so strong an ally as famine they could at last crush the Soviet Republic.

Trotzky came up from the Ukraine and spoke to the Moscow Soviet. He sprang up the steps leading to the platform like a lithe animal. The shout that went up from the men and women who crowded the aisles, who hung around the great pillars like swarms of bees, would not be stilled. He stood impassive, waiting to tell them what he had seen in the Ukraine. He had to wait a long time before they stopped shouting. This wasn't the ordinary applause that greets a popular leader. It was the voice of a people that is welding itself into a fighting weapon. The sense of Trotzky's speech was: We want peace with the world, but if we must, we can fight. At the end of the meeting the leader of the Social Revolutionaries, the bitter political enemy of the Communists, arose. He cried out to Trotzky with passion: "While I and my party disagree with you on internal policy, you can count on us to the last man to support your foreign policy." The apprehension of this new war menace was in the very air of Moscow, in the very air also the tautening of the spiritual muscle of the people.

The black background to all the shifting pageant of Moscow life in those days was famine. No one could forget for a moment that death by hunger had stretched out its hands and was mowing down its thousands. Prowling on the Russian frontiers were bandit hordes and the forerunners of fresh invasions. Vladivostok was in the hands of the bandit Merkulov, supported by the Japanese. Finland menaced in the north. The new economic policy had been in operation too short a time to bear fruit. This was Russia in the fall of 1919, the tragic background before which the partnership between the Russian Government and American workers was launched.

The partnership between the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Russian Government is a business agreement of so different a nature from anything that has ever happened in the history of trade and business that one must stretch one's mind to understand it.

A workers' republic, a government which owns and controls the country's industries, is a new thing. The soviets, led by the Communist Party, had for guidance the history of the revolutionary upheavals since the French Revolution. They built their political success on lessons learned from those victories and those failures. There was no historic precedent in the economic field to guide the Russian workers. No method of production and distribution other than that of the capitalist system had been tried out. Great mistakes were made. Slowly a practical theory was hewn out, and what is called the New Economic Policy, with its government-owned syndicates, was put in effect.

During these months of experiment, Sidney Hillman came to Russia. He proposed to the Russian Government: "Let the Clothing Workers of America go into partnership with you. We will furnish $1,000,000 capital for the reconstruction of your clothing factories. We will furnish management from the ranks of our own workers, and raise the capital from the American workers who wish to be partners in the work of reconstruction." The Russian workers have been bound to large groups of workers in other countries by political sympathy. The first attempt to translate this sympathy into terms of everyday life, of work and production, is the R.A.I.C. This year the arrangements for this unique partnership were completed. Briefly, the R.A.I.C. is to share in the profits of the investment. If the profits are not enough, a dividend of 8 per cent, payable annually, is guaranteed by the Supreme Council of National Economy. This contract is underwritten by the supreme authority of the Soviet Government, the Council of Labor and Defense. In other words, if there are not sufficient profits from the clothing and textile industries, the dividends are to be paid from the national treasury of Russia. The Council of Labor and Defense has decreed that the American workers can if they wish withdraw their investments at the end of three years. The investments, too, may be paid back at any time after the three-year period on the initiative of the Russian Government itself. So, says Hillman, "the security of the American investors in the corporation rests upon the pledged and contracted faith of the Soviet Government. No government could do more." That is the contract with which Hillman returned. On his side, he was ready to proceed with an investment of $200,000 immediately. At the head of the Russian organization is Krasnoschokov. He once was a lawyer in the United States and received his business training here. He was President of the Far Eastern Republic and guided its destinies through the stormy time when the various banded adventurers attempted the conquest of Siberia.

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Just before Hillman got home an incident occurred as unexpected as a bomb fired into the heart of New York from a foreign battleship. An interview from W. O. Thompson, who went to Russia as Hillman's financial adviser, appeared in a New York newspaper. Thompson was quoted as saying: "I went to Russia as a friend of Russia and of Hillman, whom I regard with the fondness of a brother. I believe in Hillman's honesty and idealism, but I have been convinced that . . . he is carried away by enthusiasm. I believe it is my duty to warn the investors in the Russian-American Industrial Corporation that they can, if they wish, invest their money in this enterprise . . . but that as a business proposition they stand a good chance of losing their money."

Thompson gave various reasons for this belief. The chief of these were that the whole scheme of trusts and syndicates was "new, involved, and inefficient"; and the absence of a definite business code which reasonably determines one's rights with regard to dealing with outside industries or persons, prevents a real control by the Americans. And finally, the R.A.I.C. has no right to import or export goods to and from Russia.

After this interview was printed, there was a mighty excitement among the clothing workers and other working elements interested in Russian reconstruction. Sidney Hillman was still on the water. What would be his answer when he had returned? He gave it at a meeting at Carnegie Hall. It was an unreserved belief in the practicability of his plan. The crowd began to arrive at this meeting, which was scheduled for 8 o'clock, two hours before the doors opened. When I came there at nine, a big crowd was still seeking admission. As Hillman told his great audience the reasons for his belief in the future of his plan, it became clear as light why he and Thompson differ. Sidney Hillman's face was turned to the future, Thompson's to the past. The two men thought in different terms, served different ideals, spoke a different language. We can imagine this controversy beginning back when man discovered fire. It may have gone on when iconoclasts discovered iron and substituted metal for flint weapons. When the first railway ran from Paris to Versailles, Theophile Gautier wrote an article, based upon the opinions of the great French engineers of the day, declaring that the railway was a sort of child's super-mechanical toy, for it could never get over mountains, span rivers, or leap Alpine canyons. When the Wright brothers made their first successful flight, the opinions of the American engineers paralleled almost word for word those of the French of a century before.

The old ways of thought and the new ways faced each other in the persons of William Thompson and Sidney Hillman. One man was thinking in terms of safe investments. The thought of the other man was forging into the future. He was suggesting an experiment in industry that has never been tried before. This new sea of thought was uncharted. There was no compass of historical precedent as guide. So the man with his face turned to the past said: "This plan can't work," and the man with his face to the future said: "It must work." If workers cannot run industry, then the idea of a workers' republic is a vain dream. Or, to put it in the words of a speech made by Trotzky last year, "A society which cannot produce more goods than the society which it succeeded, is doomed to failure."

In a talk with Sidney Hillman he said to me: "You can hardly imagine the change which has come over Russia. You remember the tenseness when Poland threatened war, how little the workers had, how slowly everything moved, what discouragement there was? All that is changed. I felt that now there was perhaps almost too much optimism. The days of parades are over—days of solid work have replaced them. To me there is something more exciting in work than in parades. Work means creation, especially the work they are doing in Russia. Creation is more stirring than pageants. One of the reasons I have come back with a greater belief than ever in our plan is this new spirit of work with its motor power of optimism. Last year when I was there, the conditions of life were so difficult that man after man, even radicals, came to me to whisper 'Comrade Hillman, can you help me and my family get to America?' I saw those same people this year; today they have no wish to leave. Last year the workers were saying, 'If we could be sure of bread three times a day, we would be happy.' Now they're asking for meat. That's fine! It's on a sane discontent that progress is based."

"Did you have any opposition to your plans?" I asked.

"Of course I did," said Hillman. "From the bureaucrats. They know a plan like ours means the relentless pruning of dead wood. The people who wish to deaden Russian industry with a superstructure of unnecessary offices naturally are against us. They don't count. The rank and file, the trade unions are for it, the Supreme Council of National Economy is for it, the Council of National Defense is for it. Why, Lenin himself bought two shares of stock!

"When I talked to Lenin he told me he considered this plan one of the most important developments in Russian industry. Lenin believes this to be the real way to bring about an understanding between America and Russia. He sees that it can be developed indefinitely. American machinery and American executive ability combined with Russian labor and Russia's almost limitless resources opens vistas of development which we can hardly imagine."

"When you consider the change to the better that you describe, the enthusiasm and the backing from both the workers and the big practical men, such as Lenin and Krassin, how do you account for Mr. Thompson's attitude?"

"Our plan is so new, so unlike anything that has before been attempted that it is very easy to see how a business man who thinks in terms of business as it is done in Europe, in terms of investments and dividends, should hesitate in an undertaking so different from the business forms to which he is accustomed. No great new enterprise can be undertaken without faith. There has never been a discovery in science that didn't have to have that element of imagination and faith in its possibility. You can never be sure that a thing will work that hasn't been tried out before. Mr. Thompson's whole training necessarily makes him think in terms of sure investments. In other words, in the terms which have already been tried out. We expect a profit. Our motive isn't complete altruism. We expect to learn an enormous amount about the management of industry."

There in a nutshell you have the difference between the Thompson point of view and the Hillman point of view. Safety of investment and the greatest possible profits is what is of paramount importance, and necessarily so, to a man of Thompson's training. The profit which Sidney Hillman emphasizes is the practical partnership in Russian reconstruction. What the workers are going to learn in administration and management of industry on a large scale he reckons as the greatest gain.

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What the Shop Strike Cost the Railroads

By EVANS CLARK

IF industrial policies are to be judged by the test of dollars and cents the recent labor policy of the railroads has proved a monumental failure. The tactics of the executives which precipitated the shop-crafts strike cost the 180 Class I roads during July, August, and September alone almost a quarter of a billion dollars. The strikers claim that the executives have pursued a definite campaign to institute the open shop and to eliminate labor unionism from their plants. They say that the abolition of certain union working rules, the "contracting out" of repair work, the insistence of the executives on the wage cut of July 1 which was sanctioned by the Railroad Labor Board, and the refusal of the majority of the roads to deal with the unions since the strike began have all been definite moves in this campaign. Whether or not these policies were part of a concerted attack on organized labor, the public and the investor in railroad securities may now judge of their results.

Over five months have passed since the strike was begun. For three months it was in effect on all roads. Since the end of September some 67 systems have settled the strike by signing agreements with the unions based on the Willard-Warfield-Jewell agreement. According to the unions approximately 200,000 of the 400,000 said to have struck are now back at work on the roads that have signed. In the meantime complete operating and financial statistics have been published by the Interstate Commerce Commission for July, August, and September; and most of the individual roads have published their financial returns for October.

The Interstate Commerce Commission figures show that during July, August, and September there was a falling off in net operating revenue of the 180 Class I roads amounting to $48,500,000 compared with the revenue level which existed prior to the strike. The June level was $109,801,627. In July net revenue dropped off some $7,300,000. In August it had dropped still further—$23,000,000 below the level of June—and in September the figure was $18,200,000 less than June. This falling off of revenue occurred in the face of an increasing demand for transportation which set in early in the summer and by the end of November had reached a point exceeded only once before in the history of American railroads—during the boom year of 1920. In spite of the strike and a 10 per cent cut in freight rates effective July 1, this swing of traffic maintained gross revenues on a uniformly high level. For June they were $473,800,000; July, $443,000,000; August, $473,900,000; and September, $500,200,000.

The decline in net revenue was due to a marked increase in operating expense—the direct result of the shop-crafts strike. For instance, August gross revenues were about one million dollars higher than June, but expenses had increased $24,000,000. In September revenues were $26,000,000 higher than June, but expenses had increased by $45,000,000. That it was the shop-craft strike which boosted expenses is proved by the fact that the only classes of expenditures which materially changed during these three months were those for "maintenance of equipment" and "transportation." In spite of the fact that there were 51,733 fewer skilled repairmen at work in September, for example, the cost of maintaining equipment that month was no less than $18,000,000 more than it had been in June. With a 23 per cent decrease in men went a 17 per cent increase in costs. Transportation costs in September were $13,000,000 higher than in June—an increase of 18 per cent.

These two items—equipment maintenance and transportation costs—tell the financial story of the strike in a nutshell. They prove, first, that a small force of inexperienced strike-breakers is an expensive luxury for a railroad company, and, second, that broken-down and badly repaired equipment is extravagant to operate.

Before the strike in June the average wage actually earned by shopmen was 72 cents an hour. Then came the wage cut, which was supposed to reduce wage rates of skilled men to an average of 67 cents an hour, and the strike. In July, average hourly wages paid to strike-breakers had jumped to 76 cents. In August they were 79 cents, and by September they reached 80 cents an hour. In other words, the executives had to pay 8 cents an hour more to relatively inexperienced mechanics in June—all for the privilege of reducing the wages of the experienced men. These "inexperienced mechanics" were described in a recent article in the New York *Times* as "a precious crew of thugs, gunmen, card sharks, second-story men, and ex-bootleggers . . . sought after and welcomed by all the rival strike-breaking organizations, fly-by-night detective agencies, fake industrial bureaus, and upstart employment headquarters."

The extra 8 cents an hour for this "precious crew" went mostly in overtime, bonuses, board, and lodging. A small force of inexperienced men would naturally have to work many times as long to accomplish the same amount as a larger force of experienced men. The amount of straight overtime paid in repair shops in June amounted to $747,000. In July it went to $828,000; in August to $1,323,000, and in September to $1,617,000—117 per cent above the normal level. Punitive overtime payments—time and a half and double time—in June amounted to $952,000. In July they were $5,183,000; in August $12,000,000, and in September they reached the astonishing total of $15,466,000—1,524 per cent more than the normal amount. In these three months alone the railroads spent $29,000,000 more to make what comparatively few repairs were made than they would have had to spend if the strike had not been called. The bonus bill for September alone amounted to $3,700,000.

The increase in transportation costs came from the rapid increase in delays and accidents on the roads resulting in overtime payments to train crews, in "protecting" the strike-breaking crews, and other such items. The normal expense for guarding railroad property is about $1,000,000 a month which goes in wages to private policemen. In July the Class I roads spent $6,000,000 in wages to special officers. In August they spent $7,500,000 and in September $5,700,000. The average for the three months was 540 per cent more than the normal amount. The New York Central alone spent $551,000 for special officers in August while the strike was on and only $97,000 in October when it had settled with the men. Overtime paid on all roads to train crews in June amounted to $5,561,000. In September it reached $10,640,000—an increase of almost 100 per cent.

The losses which show in the financial returns are not

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the only ones to be considered in footing the costs of the railroad strike. In November the greatest car shortage in the history of American railroading occurred. It had already set in by September. The previous record was made in 1920 when 145,000 cars were short during one week. In the middle of November this year there was a shortage of no less than 179,000 cars. That the shop strike was a major factor in this situation is proved by the fact that the traffic demands in 1920 were considerably greater than in 1922. The greatly increased proportion of bad-order locomotives was also a factor in the situation. In September the freight engines in need of repair reached 30 per cent. In June it was only slightly in excess of 20 per cent. The average monthly revenue per freight car is above $130. The car shortage began in September. During that month it amounted to about 130,000 cars a week. If each car short meant a dead loss to the railroad the total loss for the month would have been almost $17,000,000. As a considerable number of shortages meant only delayed shipments it is fair to estimate the loss for the month through inadequate equipment at about $8,000,000.

The operating history of two typical roads since June gives an excellent example of the losses which the labor policy of the executives has entailed. The Baltimore and Ohio fought the strike until the end of September, but settled then by agreement with the shop-craft unions. The Lehigh Valley still refuses to deal with the men.

The net earnings of the Lehigh Valley for the first six months of the year, in spite of the severe loss in income during April, May, and June due to the coal strike, averaged $272,800 a month. During a larger part of the period from July to the end of October the coal strike was settled and the road was in a position to make phenomenal earnings from the new flow of a banked-up coal supply. In spite of this the financial records for these months show an actual loss which averaged $433,000 a month. The August figure alone was $821,000. The rail strike cost the Lehigh Valley up to November 1 not only the deficits but the profits they might have made—a total of perhaps $2,800,000. The first six months' record of the Baltimore and Ohio this year showed that if the strike had not been called the net earnings for July, August, and September would have amounted to about $8,500,000. The actual result for this period was an operating loss of $2,000,000. In other words the year's income of that road is $10,500,000 less by reason of the strike than it otherwise would have been.

A comparison between the October records of these two companies shows dramatically what a complete settlement of the strike would mean to the financial condition of the roads. The Lehigh Valley has not settled yet. Its loss for October was $636,000. The Baltimore and Ohio settled with the men in September. During October their repair shops were filled with skilled and experienced union men. In that one month alone the deficit of $2,670,000 for September was turned into a net profit of over $3,000,000 and the *Wall Street Journal* stated that this road was "the only trunk line free of embargoes from end to end."

The facts boil down to an impressive total. The actual falling off in net revenue from the June level, based on the financial returns of Class I roads for July, August, and September, represents a loss of $48,500,000 to these companies due to the strike. The additional loss due to the shortage of equipment may be estimated at $8,000,000 more. That makes a total of $56,500,000. But the total cost of the strike was considerably greater than that. The $56,500,000 loss was computed on the assumption that, if there had been no strike, net revenue in July, August, and September would have continued on exactly the same level as in June. This would not have been the case. There is a definite seasonal fluctuation in railroad transportation. Traffic is at a low ebb in January and at the peak in October when the grain and fruit movements are at their height. The month of June represents a level only a little more than midway of the swing of the curve. Had there been no strike the railroads would not only have made the $56,500,000 which represents their losses based on the June net revenue level, but also the normal seasonal revenue increase and more in addition due to unusual demand for transportation this year. Over against these increases, however, must be set the 10 per cent cut in freight rates. The normal seasonal revenue increase for July, August, and September, judged by last year's figures, would have been 60 per cent. For the sake of conservatism let us disregard entirely the increased revenue that might have come from the exceptional traffic this fall, and assume that the decline in revenue from the rate cut was as much as 10 per cent. If there had been no strike, then, revenues for July, August, and September would have been at least 50 per cent higher than for June. Net revenues for June were $110,000,000. A 50 per cent increase for three months is $165,000,000. The total cost of the strike, therefore, is this amount plus the $56,500,000 calculated on the basis of June revenues—$221,500,000 in all.

The labor policy of the railroad executives has cost the security holders a sum approaching a quarter of a billion dollars. Its cost to other industries and to the public at large is a story of even more sensational detail.

[*A second article on the railroad situation,* What the Shop Strike Cost the Public, *will appear in the next issue.*]

A Christmas Pilgrimage

By ALLAN A. HUNTER

IT was Christmas morning. I was looking for the light of quiet healing, the brightness of good-will, that should usher in the friendly open hand in place of the old, clenched, shaken fist, for there had come upon me the memory of friends I would not see again, friends who had thrown away life in their faith that the nations would murder each other no more. So I went to the place where the Prince of Peace was born and watched the worshipers of clashing sects rattling their incense and reciting their prayers. But there was no healing, no brightness of good-will in the cave under the great Church of the Nativity.

I walked up the twisting cobbled street, past a group of Bethlehem boys playing marbles—with dried figs—and came, half a mile from the town of small white houses, to the field of the shepherds. I crossed the open space of barley stubble and stood beside the grove in the center, where they say the shepherds watched their flocks by night. I saw the "little gray leaves" of the olives twinkle and flash in a radiance of sunshine that smashed the clouds to pieces. A flock of goldfinches overhead were jubilant and generous with delicate bits of song. Yes, both heaven and nature sang. But neither had more to say than did the bleating sheep or the moss that clung to the ruined wall.

Five miles back on the Arab pony to Jerusalem and St.

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George's. As I entered the cathedral door I said: "Here at least in this holy place (why, right over there through the window, is the little green hill of Calvary), here will 'shine the Infant Light.'" And to be sure, the vaults of the great church did ring and thrill as five hundred soldiers chorused "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Those men stood stiff and true as they sang. They had fought a good fight. Every brass button, every inch of leather on Sam Browne belt and bandolier, every spur was polished and shining. There was, too, many a glorious ribbon above the heart that spoke of gallantry and valor. But I went away from that church unsatisfied still. They had knelt in awe and wonder. They had sung "Noël, Noël." The light of "a little stranger star" had shone upon them—for a passing moment. But would that light last? Would those men rise from their knees and go out from the holy place not only to hate the hideous waste of war, but to love the cause of peace, to love it with such a holy flaming passion as they had loved their country and their king?

There was no telling. I could only remember that those of us who feel we have the light of a new day in our eyes might never see that day. It might be that some of us would have to go down to another hell of bursting bombs and shells, of bullets, of gas that twists the human face into inhuman shapes of agony, to the dreary, hopeless tedium of the trenches, and the mad resentment against the powers of this world.

Not too jubilant that Christmas morning I returned to the orphanage up on the westernmost hill of Jerusalem, the orphanage that the American Red Cross had taken over a few months before from Pastor Schneller, the kindly, gray-haired German missionary who had given all he had to the fatherless children of Palestine. Here they were: hundreds of Syrian youngsters, mastering a trade in the apprentice shops, or learning to eat real food once more. It was dinner time. I went into the big orphanage kitchen to say Merry Christmas to Hilweh, the cook. She was active and smiling and radiant as always, and because this was Christmas day she was wearing the steeple-like headdress of white muslin and the beautiful crimson and purple and blue embroidery on her breast that Bethlehem women wear. Hilweh seemed glad at her task, glad to be working as she stirred a huge wooden spoon in a brass pot. That mother of the strong arm and radiant face (she was mother to all the orphans, though she would have no fooling in her kitchen) was a Mohammedan, and too old, I suppose, to change her creed. Those whom she fed were oncoming Christian Armenians and Orthodox and Moslems who, if they had remained in their villages, would now be quarreling one with another, faith against faith, grudge against grudge. But here Mohammedan Hilweh doled out bread and lentils to Turk and Christian alike, and here this Christmas morning I found among her and her charges what elsewhere I had missed—Bethlehem.

In the Driftway

THERE have been occasions when the Drifter has been opposed to work in any form. At these times his methods of release from toil have been varied: he has slept, he has eaten, he has read the dictionary, and he has gone swimming. He confesses that the form of amusement described below never entered his mind. From the proceedings of the Thirty-first Continental Congress, National Society, D. A. R., he takes the following extract:

> Miss Collom, chairman of patriotic education in General Henry Dearborn Chapter of Chicago, permits me to quote from a letter she received after presenting a framed copy of the Constitution to a saw-making factory. The superintendent said: "This letter will acknowledge receipt of the framed copy of the Constitution of the United States which you so ably presented to our workmen. We have had many favorable comments on the idea of having on exhibition the Constitution of the United States which few of our men have ever thought of reading. We permit our employees to spend as much time as they want reading this wonderful document."

* * * * *

THIS, the Drifter contends, is an ideal way to make the Constitution the best-known document in America. Of course it would be manifestly unfair to confine to saw-making factories the privilege of reading it as an alternative to working at one's job. He is sure that an overworked Secretary of State would be glad of leisure to make the acquaintance of a piece of writing of which he must have heard so much. Senators apparently do not need a release from their jobs, however. The other day the Drifter spent several dreary hours waiting for one. His secretary was unusually polite, even for a secretary: "It's too bad you haven't been able to catch the Senator this morning," he said, "but just wait a bit longer. At noon the session begins. He'll be free then."

* * * * *

AND speaking of Senators, the recently elected gentleman from Iowa has an interesting story to tell. Colonel Brookhart both in the primaries and in the election was opposed as a radical by every newspaper in the State but one. He served in the army during the late war and is a veteran of the Spanish-American War. On election day, the wish being father to the thought, one of the papers came out at 10 p. m. with the scare headline: "Radical Candidate Defeated!" At midnight it was evident that Colonel Brookhart was sweeping the State. Accordingly the 12 o'clock edition felt that a change was necessary. The headline was just as large and just as black: "Soldier Candidate Wins!" it said.

THE DRIFTER

The Lynching

By DON C. SEITZ

Blend of the tiger's snarl
And jackal's bark
The growling of the crowd
Creeps through a night
Pitted with torches
In whose tawny blaze
The darkness blackens—
The compound voice of cowards
Hidden in the gloom,
Poured from thin throats
Dry with the thirst for blood,
Yet not too loud to dull
The creaking of a cord
And one last gasping plea:
"For Gord's sake, gen'lemen,
Don't!"

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Correspondence

W. A. White on the Kansas Court

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of December 6 Mr. Charles B. Driscoll seems to think that Kansas repudiated the Industrial Court by electing Mr. Jonathan B. Davis. Here are the facts. The Republican party council pledged the Governor and members of the legislature to stand by the Industrial Court law. The Democratic platform pledged the Governor and members of the legislature to modify the Industrial Court law. The Democratic candidate for Governor was elected with something like a 20,000 majority. The majority of the Republican members of the legislature will amount to three or four times that figure and the legislature is overwhelmingly Republican.

The issue was not entirely, and I am inclined to think hardly chiefly, the Industrial Court. Mr. Davis was elected, first, because he is a forceful, honest man who is liberal in his views, and he was opposed by a moderately liberal conservative. All over the West men like Davis won this year. Second, he was elected because he stood for the reduction of taxes, something quite impossible but a good talking-point, and he was opposed by a man who said that taxes could not be reduced. Thirdly, he was elected because labor, that wanted the court law repealed, joined with the farmer who wanted taxes reduced. But the labor vote, almost negligible numerically and against the court law in two elections, counted for little.

If the court had anything to do with the election—and it had something but not a great deal—it was because the labor vote was able to persuade a good many fair-minded citizens that in enforcing the Industrial Court law the Governor had been too arbitrary in some of his orders. It was in the *enforcement and interpretation* of the law that the law entered into the Davis vote. It was a fundamental belief in the law which overwhelmingly elected a Republican legislature pledged to support the law.

At least that's my guess, and one man's guess is as good as another's, but certainly in Kansas the election did not repudiate the Industrial Court law as a State policy. Davis cannot repeal it and of course will administer it, and I think wisely.

Emporia, Kansas, December 5 WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

We Surprise a Faithful Reader

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest nearly all of the issues of your hypocritical magazine in the last eighteen months. I say "with interest" because I believe in watching such publications as yours for the same reason I think it wise to lock my house at night, and urge that police protection in my district be kept efficient.

This does not mean, however, that I do not agree with your opinion on many questions, as expressed in your writing at the time I am reading. But, whenever I do read an article in your columns with which I agree, I always know that in due time you will convict yourself of insincerity.

In the issues of *The Nation* I have seen, I found no reference to Marquis James's great series of articles, "Who Got the Money?" in the *American Legion Weekly*. If you have mentioned these articles, won't you please have the copy or copies in which mention is made sent to me, and I shall gladly remit the cost.

It would not surprise me to learn that you have ignored Mr. James's exposé, the like of which neither you nor any other writer has made since the war. *The Nation's* narrow, vicious attacks on the American Legion, its persistent insulting of G. A. R. veterans for receiving pensions, and its play to the very interests it professes to despise on the adjusted compensation question mark it as utterly unworthy of the confidence of thinking readers, to say nothing of its subtle and treacherous appeal to the ignorant elements who would destroy this government by force.

Des Moines, December 1 FRANK F. MILES,
Editor *Iowa Legionaire*

[In *The Nation* for November 8 we stated that "two members of the American Legion in Congress, Representatives Johnson and Woodruff of Michigan, have been foremost in demanding action on the war frauds by the Harding regime, and the *American Legion Weekly* has just completed a series of articles giving the most adequate and up-to-date account that we have seen of this extraordinary and disgraceful chapter in American history." We referred at length to Mr. James's findings.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Our Heart and Our Head

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are probably right in saying that we shall not be beguiled into entering the League of Nations by the back door but I am pleased to see that *The Nation* has gone through that same door to the extent of getting its "bowels of compassion" inside the edifice, though its head still refuses to enter. Your heart tells you that we should work with these associated nations in the opium, anthrax, and white-slave commissions, but your head cannot forget that the League was designed to "enforce the will of the victorious Powers." Well, perhaps it was, but if so it seems to be falling far short of its role and to be bending all its energies toward peaceful cooperation among the nations.

Philadelphia, November 12 GEORGE BURNHAM, JR.

A Plea for a Bee

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reviewer of Books for the Young Reader in your issue of December 6 dealt severely with the quivering spirit that buzzed into the world in Waldemar Bonsels's "Adventures of Maya the Bee." Maya is young, the very youngest creature that ever flew too high, and it is her youth itself, warm, forthright, foolish perhaps, which your reviewer mistakes for "a mist of sentiment."

No less injustice has been done the translator of this delicate story. I believe most of Maya's readers will agree that Adele Szold Seltzer has done a singularly perfect piece of translation. One forgets that the book has appeared in a great many other languages, so clear and integral a bit of English has it become.

And yet I feared as much when in the first part of the same article I read your reviewer's estimate of Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories." "No sensible child would look at them," she quotes "an indignant child" as saying. Perhaps not. But—praises be—there are still nonsensible children who rollick and giggle at good nonsense.

White Plains, December 5 THERESE S. GALE

Contributors to This Issue

MARY HEATON VORSE, widely known as a writer of fiction, contributed an article, The Children's Crusade for Amnesty, to *The Nation* of May 10.

EVANS CLARK is a director of the Labor Bureau, Inc.

ALLAN A. HUNTER, a student at the Union Theological Seminary, was formerly associated with the Red Cross in Palestine.

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Books

A Little Big Man

Mr. Lloyd George. By E. T. Raymond. George H. Doran Company. $3.

THE measure of a famous man may often be taken by considering what quality of biographer would do justice to his career. No one would think for a moment of nominating a John Morley to write a memoir of David Lloyd George. The present biographer aptly quotes the remark of "a well-informed American publicist" when asked whether, in his opinion, the late Theodore Roosevelt was a truly great man. "Yes," he said, with slow impressiveness, "Teddy is a big man, a real big man. There's no doubt about that. But—he's the littlest big man I know." It is no disparagement of Mr. Raymond to suggest that his qualifications fit him to be the biographer of a great man of the minimum variety rather than of a Gladstone. His lightness of touch is just what is needed for the effective handling of such a subject as Lloyd George. His gift of persiflage finds ample and delightful scope in many an incident of the career he is chronicling. He never adopts the role of a stern censor, but you feel again and again that his deft scalpel has exposed a moral weakness which the devotees of the late Premier would wish to keep concealed.

About half the book is occupied by the story of Lloyd George's achievements up to the outbreak of the Great War. In this section his biographer shows most ingeniously how some of the latest developments of this bewildering politician can be attributed to temperamental and other peculiarities that were manifested in the earliest period. His practical abolition of Cabinet government, for instance, is attributable largely to his having been born and bred outside the English constitutional tradition. Most, too, of the puzzling complexities of his character can be traced back to the Llanystumdwy days. His Parliamentary record long before the war gives Mr. Raymond the clue to many of the surprises and contradictions of his career—the fact, namely, that he is in no sense a thinker but an artist. His mind responds in one mood to one vision and in another mood to another. His inconsistency is not conscious hypocrisy. "Possibly," says Mr. Raymond, "no human being has ever possessed the equal of Mr. George's facility for being without unwholesome strain many different things. . . . During his premiership and before, his choice of friends and comrades would have suggested, in any other, mere cynicism. Yet Mr. George is never cynical. It is merely that he possesses the strangest capacity for dividing his life, his mind, and his very soul into water-tight compartments."

The author approaches Lloyd George's war-time achievements from no stop-the-war angle. He is by no means a friend of the pacifists. Indeed, he is so contemptuous of them that he does not think it worth while to be consistent in the spelling of their name. In one instance they appear variously as pacifists and pacificists in two successive lines. He warmly indorses the "knock-out blow" policy and has no sympathy with Lord Lansdowne's manifesto. And, if he does not say it in so many words, he leaves no doubt of his own opinion that Lloyd George was the man who won the war. He pays glowing tributes to Lloyd George's action in the matter of the shells and the unity of command as practically decisive in saving the Allies from collapse. Mr. Raymond's attitude to the war in general gives all the greater significance to his picture of the type of man whom it raised to so high a pinnacle. "These be thy gods, O Israel" is the unspoken admonition that one feels to be addressed all the way through to a nation whose sanity is temporarily overthrown by the war fever.

The book is full of the shrewd if cynical comments and brilliant epigrams that will be expected by readers who are acquainted with its author's shorter character sketches of present-day politicians. For instance: "In our politics the man who obviously and consistently plays for his own hand commands little permanent influence; the man of rigid principle rarely attains it in the highest degree. The action of both is too easily calculable." In the free-trade controversy Mr. Asquith "involved the tariff reformers in intellectual entanglements—a sort of *retiarius* of the wet blanket," while Mr. Churchill was "an active skirmisher about the arena, ready to finish off cripples with his young sword." Apropos of the Unionist consideration of a federal solution of the Irish problem: "Sacred things had not been sold, but they had been discussed as salable, and all the frenzy that followed could not alter that fact." "Sir William Robertson would listen stolidly, but also with some impatience, to a long series of suggestions [from Lloyd George on military matters] and then veto them, each and all, rather like a tired nurse denying an ingenious child's complicated pleas to stay up." Lord Milner had "the advantage of that prestige which attaches to failure if it is big and consistent enough." At the Peace Conference "Clemenceau was sure of his own mind, but could not be sure of his *bloc*. Mr. George was sure of his *bloc*, but not so sure of his own mind, or of the larger and less articulate public opinion at home. Mr. Wilson began by being sure of everything, and ended by being sure of nothing, except the goodness of his own intentions."

Mr. Raymond draws his illustrations from many quarters, but when he has recourse to Scripture he would do well to consult the text instead of trusting to his own memory. On p. 174 he informs us that the man who asked, "What shall (*sic*) I do to be saved?" was told to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and on p. 175 he evidently confuses the two Sauls. The proofreading has been grossly careless in places, and the Index, though extending to twenty-five columns, is a practical joke at the reader's expense.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Pio Baroja

La Busca. Por Pío Baroja. Madrid: Raggio; New York: Zabala y Maurin. $1.10.

The Quest. By Pío Baroja. Translated by Isaac Goldberg. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

DON PIO BAROJA Y NESSI, master-baker, Nietzschean and novelist, is regarded by common consent as the most original writer of Spanish fiction since Galdós. Among the younger men there are distinguished artists like Ramón Pérez de Ayala and Ramón Gomez de la Serna, but in the famous generation of 1898, Pío Baroja is a typical and remarkable figure. When one remembers the roll-call of that generation, Unamuno, Azorín, Ortega y Gasset, it is evident that the stature of Baroja is not due to any flatness in the literary landscape. Out of the disaster of the Spanish-American War came a new intellectual era in Spain which has enriched that country with a modern literature, among whose chief ornaments must be counted the work of Pío Baroja.

The scope of that work is enormous and varied, over thirty volumes, ranging from provincial studies of Basque life to cosmopolitan pictures of London and Rome, and including an intellectual confession of faith, several volumes of essays, and a series of semi-historical novels. Of all these, three have heretofore been published in English, "La Feria de los Discretos" ("The City of the Discreet"), "César o Nada" ("Caesar or Nothing"), and "Juventud, Egolatria" ("Youth and Egolatry"), to which is now added "La Busca" ("The Quest"). This is the first volume of a trilogy, "The Struggle for Life," which is held by most critics to be the author's greatest achievement. It can hardly be said that these earlier translations have done more than make Baroja known to the discriminating. To the general reader Blasco Ibáñez still sums up the whole of contemporary Spanish literature.

Like Pérez de Ayala, whose charming fantasy, "Prometeo," has been completely ignored in translation, Baroja must be regarded as the victim, to some extent, of the Ibáñez boom, which

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has done more harm to Spanish literature than mere neglect could do. It has provided publishers and readers with a set of false values, and a false standard, which the uncritical apply to every book that comes out of Spain. There will not be another Ibáñez, for, in spite of his age, he belongs to a period in Spanish literature, prior to 1898, which shows no signs of returning in the work of any of the original and significant writers of the present time. Pío Baroja, then, must be accepted as representative by those who desire to know something of contemporary Spanish letters. No better introduction to the man himself could be found than "Youth and Egolatry," with which H. L. Mencken very appropriately inaugurated his "Free Lance Books" a couple of years ago. All his whims, his iconoclasm, his sardonic humor are concentrated in these notes on life and letters, which Baroja deliberately compiled in the midst of the war, in order to shut that event out of his mind, and to demonstrate his incuriousness about what seemed to him incomprehensible.

The English-speaking world rather prides itself upon its stock of eccentrics, and nothing delights us more than a real "character." Baroja answers that demand to a degree which ought to endear him to us. He is the antithesis of the professional intellectual, proud to have had his business as a master-baker as a refuge from the disillusions of literary life. In "Caesar or Nothing" he says: "Art is a good thing for people who have not the strength to live in reality. It is an excellent sport for old maids and deceived husbands, who need consolation as hysterical patients require morphine." He has written brief but very illuminating and amusing notes on all his own books, showing a detachment in relation to his writings which is, to say the least, unusual. Of "Mala Hierba" ("Weeds"), the second volume of this trilogy, he says: "Like almost all my novels 'Mala Hierba' appears to be the rough draft of a book that has never been finally polished. That is what Blasco Ibáñez once said to me, and then he proceeded to write 'La Horda' based on my material." Baroja regards "The Quest" as the most widely read of his books, adding: "When it was published I got the impression that I was now acceptable to the literary cliques, and that they were inviting me in. As I did not enter, having still got something, whether good or bad, to say, the door that had opened was again shut against me."

In his way Baroja resembles Shaw, except for this vital difference: he has no mission, no gospel to preach. He has Shaw's delight in mystification and paradox; his humor rarely lacks a touch of irony. He exalts the individual at the expense of society, whereas Shaw is an individualist who believes in the subordination of the one to the many. "We," he writes, "who have a world of unsatisfied desires and instincts, ought to join together and bury alive the weaklings who prevent us from realizing our craving for power. . . . When we have buried them, we shall then have leisure to devour each other." This anarchical strain in his character manifests itself in his work, in which there is a marked predilection for rebels and adventurers and outcasts, for those who live on the margin of society. The whole series of "Memorias de un hombre de acción" turns upon the adventures of Eugenio de Aviraneta, a swashbuckler who played many parts in the civil wars and conspiracies of the early nineteenth century, the Greek and Carlist wars, the July Revolution in Paris. Baroja avows that his sole interest is in this adventurer relative of his, this "man of action," and that he has no ambition to follow in the footsteps of Galdós, with whose great historical series, "Episodios nacionales," these books have been compared.

"The Struggle for Life" is typical of Baroja's interest in the nether world of outcasts and strange characters. It is a work in the great picaresque tradition, but the *pícaro* of Cervantes, Mateo Aleman and Quevedo, is replaced by the *golfo* of today, the vagabond or loafer of urban industrial life. Manuel, the central character of "The Quest" and the two subsequent novels, moves through the story in the traditional manner of such heroes; he is the servant in a boarding-house, a shoemaker's apprentice, a ragpicker's assistant, and the associate of thieves, passing through the strangest scenes and constant fluctuations of good fortune. But the career of a vagabond nowadays has little of the lighthearted freedom of olden times, his revolt is somber and tinged with a philosophy undreamed of by Gil Blas and his companions. And the writer's attitude is modified accordingly. Baroja paints the scenes in vivid colors but with absolute detachment, offering no comment and drawing no moral. His power resides in this impassive clarity, this reflection of life in cold sharp strokes like the lines of an etcher bitten with acid—the acid of an ironical and pessimistic humor. The logical end of the lawless world surveyed by Baroja is anarchy, and that is the theme of "Red Dawn," the final volume of this trilogy.

Compared with "The Quest" neither of the two novels which have heretofore represented Baroja in English gives an adequate impression of his genius. "The City of the Discreet" presents an interesting and characteristic type in Quintín, the climber, who returns to Spain with an Eton education and British habits, but with none of his fundamental ideas changed. But the book is weakened by a piling up of incident and adventure which brings it too close to the feuilleton, and suggests all the defects of the picaresque manner usually adopted and adapted by the author to such advantage. "Caesar or Nothing" is a better and more characteristic work, in which Baroja portrays more effectively the same type in César Moncada, a pseudo-Nietzschean, whose aim is to arrive at all costs, but whose Caesarism has no higher ambition than petty political success. Even in this, however, he is defeated through his marriage, and the disproportion between his aspirations and his accomplishment is emphasized by his final acquiescence in the possession of a rich wife as a substitute for the worlds he set out to conquer. An amusing and almost Shavian interlude is the section of the book in which Moncada's impressions of Rome are recorded in terms of utter contempt for the grandeur of the classic heritage. Baroja tells us that he went to Rome to write a novel about Caesar Borgia, but at the outset he renounced that plan because he could not be bothered obtaining all the details concerning the period, "which might turn out to be exceedingly tiresome."

Pío Baroja has been variously classified as a naturalist of the Zola school, as a disciple of Dickens. His own literary preferences are for "The Red and the Black," "Pickwick Papers," and Dostoevsky's "House of the Dead," and these three apparently so disparate figures somehow sum up the main qualities one feels in Baroja's work. His clear, incisive, cold style, in its violent contrast with the flamboyant romantics who preceded him, suggests the Stendhal who conned the pages of the Code Civil in order to get away from the prevailing cult of the sonorous phrase. There is a touch of Dickens, grown sardonic, in the humor of such scenes as the boarding-house in the opening chapter of "The Quest." With Dostoevsky Baroja shares a predilection for the underworld and its strange heroes. But such comparisons have little value in estimating the position of an isolated and original figure like Baroja, whose genius lies precisely in the fusion through his own personality of elements common to the great masters of modern fiction.

ERNEST BOYD

Popular Science

The Outline of Science. A Plain Story Simply Told. Edited by J. Arthur Thomson. Vols. III and IV. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.75 and $4.50.

WITH the advent of its later volumes, a work of magnitude and merit reaches its close. The leading feature of the third volume is the chapter on Psychic Science by Sir Oliver Lodge. If there be doubt as to the propriety of its inclusion in a scientific work—at least in the present stage of psychical research—it may be said that the paper bears itself with caution and moderation: "If I don't quite belong here today," it

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may be fancied as breathing modestly, "I may very well belong here tomorrow." The high lights of Vol. IV are the very comprehensive chapter on Bacteria by Sir E. Ray Lankester and a chapter on the Einstein theory, apparently intercalated at a late hour and unsigned, yet the very model of popular exposition—if popular exposition of such an extremely recondite subject can be undertaken with hope of real success. A brief but broad summing-up by the editor himself concludes the work.

These later volumes quite harmonize, in spirit and in execution, with their predecessors. The earlier volumes tended (by reason of the editor's special interests) to seek the level of natural history: one may even say, in view of the general plan and object of the work, and of the expectations aroused, that they tended to *fall* to that level. The same tendency is found persisting through to the end. Chapters on the lower vertebrates, on the relations between plants and animals, on electrical organisms, on the biology of the seasons, and on domesticated animals continue to color the work. However suited they may be for meeting the "popular" reader half way, they yet prompt one to note that, for such an ambitious and comprehensive undertaking, not the descriptive parts but the theoretical parts may be taken as the real test of success.

On the other hand, certain deficiencies observed in the earlier volumes have been made good. In these one could not but mark the limited attention given to applied science, save as an aid toward discovery in other fields. Chapters on The Marvels of Electricity, on Wireless Telegraphy, and on Aviation, presented for their own sake, now fill the hiatus. Other lacunae, however, persist. Mathematics is put off with a mere mention in the closing pages; and sociology—"the study of human societies and their interrelations"—is postponed to the same place and is given scarcely a larger measure of words.

The exacting student of science may feel like bringing another, and a more fundamental, objection. Perhaps he will declare roundly that "The Outline of Science" is not "*a* plain story," but rather a series of stories—and a series none too successfully unified; also, that if told "simply," this is because a compartmental plan has been pursued and that the simplicity has been reached through the ignoring of interrelations. Thus, possibly, the student *entêté*. In fairness it must be said that he overlooks the legend blazoned on all four covers: "This work gives . . . a bunch of intellectual keys . . ." A bunch of keys, not the one key which shall unlock the ultimate mystery, disclosing and correlating all. Not even the most zealous of students will put forward science as an established and completed entity. The philosophic Overman who shall accomplish the great synthesis of the sciences has not yet been born, nor is our own time likely to see him.

Some endeavors toward a general adjustment and unification are made in the last half of the last volume by Sir Oliver Lodge and by the editor himself. Sir Oliver regrets that "science has become split up into a number of sections" and that "the workers in one section are often ignorant of what the others are doing." He invites scientists to get out of their grooves and attempt a more general survey: "thus we can assist the philosophers, who perhaps have never entered a groove at all." He even invites participation in fields outside—the region of art and literature. "If we ignore all this realm we suffer, and our philosophy is little better than dry bones—a skeleton which others may clothe with flesh and wake to life."

Professor Thomson, in his final words, walks a path partly parallel, considering science in its relations to philosophy, religion, and life. His pronouncements on The Aim of Science should be given good heed, as they throw light on the conception and conduct of his work as a whole. According to this apologia (as perhaps it may fairly be called), the aim of science is to "work out descriptive formulae"—formulae as short, as simple, as complete, and as consistent as can be devised. Science, again, "means unifying diversities and detecting uniformities." Thus science deals not with the "why" but with the "how." He points out that many of the misunderstandings which have arisen in regard to "science and religion," "science and philosophy," and similar matters are due to a failure to recognize that the prime aim of science is "the formulation of things as they are and as they have come to be." This view, taken with the acknowledged claims of "the man in the street," who figures consistently on all four jackets of all four volumes, will help the fair-minded reader to an appraisal of the work in its entirety, whether as regards its merits or as regards what the more exacting student will consider its defects.

HENRY B. FULLER

A Difficult Sitting

A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of His Work. By John Freeman. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

THIS is a laudable attempt to do for George Moore at seventy what would have been easier to do for him at thirty-six, after "The Confessions of a Young Man," at forty-two, after "Esther Waters," at forty-three, after "Celibates," at fifty-three, after "The Lake"—or even at sixty-two, after "Hail and Farewell." It is an attempt to say who and what George Moore is, and if it does not wholly succeed, Mr. Freeman is not too much to be condemned. For a more slippery subject never sat to mortal critic.

Mr. Freeman has painted not so much a portrait as a series of profiles and three-quarter sketches. His commentary upon successive books—notably upon "Evelyn Innes," "The Lake," "The Brook Kerith," and "Héloïse and Abélard"—is excellent and just; but he never quite brings to breath the man who sits behind these faces, who inhabits these clothes. He regrets that that man has not written reminiscences of every period in his life as well as of the Paris and Dublin periods—and so do we, though we can guess how many dozens of volumes would have been filled thereby. Yet we can be sure that all those volumes would have made George Moore no clearer. If the five we have leave him contradictory and obscure, the rest might reduce him to a myth—two bottle-shoulders and a long mustache.

The truth seems to be that we shall never understand George Moore so long as we take him seriously. He requires rapid handling, even rough. His perfect critic will be one who stretches a dogmatic arm and shakes him into some semblance of a man. Moore is the nettle that must be firmly grasped, the smiling old man of the sea who must be squeezed though he wriggles. Above all, the perfect critic will want to have fun with Moore, and he will have it. Stuart Sherman wrote a glittering, powerful essay, but in so far as he fulminated against a malignant fool he treated our Moore not at all. Mr. Freeman, with less power and more sympathy (a poet's sympathy—one does not like to say a poet's lack of power), is equally serious, and so not the perfect critic; though he is a very good one.

Frank Harris thinks that "the enigmas of Moore's character are insoluble." They are, to one who is worried by the word "character." Once assume there is no need to worry about Moore's character because he has none, and the enigmas disappear. The detachment from himself which he has achieved in every book, even the autobiographies, will then be understood not as covering anything, not as concealing depths, but as constituting the genuine Moore. He has had to be detached from himself to be at all. When he pretends to examine his mind and soul, he is really only watching the beautiful bubbles that float without end from his brain. Neither he nor anyone else knows where they come from, and certainly he does not know what bubbles will follow them. He is the most selfless writer we have, and personally the most pale. He told us as much on the first page of his "Confessions" thirty-four years ago, but it is necessary to keep reminding ourselves of the fact, and to remember that all we want from Moore is books. Whistler once said to him: "Nothing, I suppose, matters to you except your writing." Nothing surely has or does, and nothing except his writing should matter to us. He would not be if it were not that he had observed. One cannot conceive him in any

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other act than the act of producing a book. When there are no more stories in his head he will die.

What a writer he will have been! And will not "Hail and Farewell" be called his masterpiece? Every new reading of that angelic, that devilish memoir confirms the notion that if it is not the truest Moore we find there (there is none) it is at least the amplest, the funniest, the most inimitable. Fiction or fact—the two are the same to this man—it is as great as "Tristram Shandy," and should live as long. And Ireland created it. Important as France was in the life of Moore, richly as Balzac, Gautier, Flaubert, Zola, Manet, Degas, the Goncourts fed his maturing taste, Paris was responsible for much silly vulgarity in his "Confessions," and French realism laid a frigid finger on most of his fiction before 1900. Much as he loved England before the Boer War, he was perhaps too impressed by it ever to let fly within its borders and be the reckless fellow he wished to be. It required his native island, revisited and mercilessly mocked, to open him up. Before those years spent with poor Yeats and Æ and Gill and Edward Martyn his tongue had never wagged enough; and it was born to wag. He stops once in the middle of a reminiscence to explain that he is writing so confoundedly well because his intelligence has been sharpened since the early days. But it is his tongue.

"In my novels I can write only tragedy, and in life play nothing but light comedy." "Hail and Farewell" is life for Moore because it is honest and exquisite comedy. "One comes very soon to the end of a mind that thinks clearly." One never comes to the end, or even to the beginning, of Moore's. One is only conscious at the best of perfect writing—a gesture perfectly mimicked, a sound caught in the ear and kept there as the sea is kept in a shell (the image is Moore's), a sight kept in the eye as sun is kept in a sleeping flower. "Even among men of letters conversation would be difficult were it not for the weakness of our absent friends." Here is the infinite conversation of a man who, as Mr. Freeman excellently puts it, "had become all eyes for others' humors and weaknesses, all ears to every echo, and all ice to every little naked imp of pity." Here is the richest if not the purest expression of a unique genius. And it is too bad that Mr. Freeman, whose business was portraiture, did not treat it as such rather than as material for biography. It is too bad that he could not devote a long chapter to "Hail and Farewell" as revelation, as humor, as romance, as Moore.

"Esther Waters" before it, of course, was pitiful and simple and profound. After it, "The Brook Kerith," "A Story-Teller's Holiday," and "Héloïse and Abélard" have been marvelous examples of that "melody of narration" which Moore values above most virtues and over which he enjoys a command unsurpassed in literature. "Hail and Farewell" is all these things, but is human, ineffable, absurd to boot. When it has been completely analyzed we shall be ready for a portrait of George Moore.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Yankee Cellini

From Seven to Seventy. By Edward Simmons. Harper & Brothers. $4.

ALTHOUGH Edward Simmons, painter, raconteur, and, now, a writer of vivid and racy prose, descended from those sleeping bunks in the Mayflower that brought over the Pilgrim Fathers, I imagine that he privately believes with Raymond Hitchcock that it would have been a finer thing for art, literature, and thirst in America if the Rock had landed on the Pilgrims instead of the Pilgrims landing on the Rock. This book is the fine chronicle of a New England artist who has lived to the hilt. For anecdote, frankness, reminiscence, and vitality it must be set on the shelf by the side of Huneker's "Steeplejack." (I wonder whether these two magicians of gab ever met.) Simmons's brilliant *mot* that no one could speak without interrupting him is quoted by Oliver Herford in the latter's "Interruption"—which is Herfordian for "preface." Mr. Herford solemnly avers that Mr. Simmons's memoirs, to his way of thinking, "can be compared only to Benvenuto Cellini." I do not think Mr. Herford has exaggerated his comparison. I believe that memoirs such as Cellini's and Casanova's are immortal more because they are romances of manners and depict the morals of past centuries than for any intrinsic value. Cellini and Casanova did not live unique lives; they are commonplace men—both tomcats and bravos. The great memoirs have been written by St. Augustine, Rousseau, Senancour, Amiel, and Tolstoi.

Well, then, Mr. Simmons is a Yankee Cellini. Cradled in the womb of transcendentalism, in Concord; a relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson and of all the other oversouls of the time: living in Hawthorne's Old Manse, chumming with the Alcotts, the Channings, the Hawthornes, and the Emersons, Simmons broke loose after his Harvard days and trekked west, where his adventures with the Wild Men of the West at that time are as snappy and as racy as anything in Cellini. We have pictures of Julian's studio in Paris, the Players' Club in the days of Booth and the Lambs. There is a chapter on Stanford White. We visit Brittany, St. Ives, Cornwall, London, and Spain. There is a fine chapter on Democracy and the Fine Arts, in which Mr. Simmons says that "money, commerce, and the Protestant faith have been drawbacks to the progress of the fine arts in America—the last do not believe in beauty—as do the Roman Catholics. . . . The taste of a whole community is the dead level of mediocrity, and a proof of the scant attention paid to art in America is the place given to it in the newspapers—before the fashions and after the dog-fights." As a matter of fact, America has just done two things for civilization—the pencil sharpener and open plumbing.

There is a smell of wine and life in the raw in all the pages of this book. It is one of those rare autobiographies—a book with a bouquet. I must confess that I started out to read "From Seven to Seventy" with the idea of hurriedly skipping through it. After a half hour I went back to the beginning and began on it word for word, like a man who in the olden golden days would sneak into a restaurant for "just a beer and a sandwich," run into the "gang," and make a night session of it. There is a curious revelation of a chameleon-like personality in Mr. Simmons's book. When he is describing his adventures among the "shoot 'em quick" people of the Western wilds he writes as though he was literally one of them. The chapters on his careening student days in Paris are written in a manner that would convince almost anybody that he was born in the Latin Quarter. His chapters on New York are keyed in New Yorkese. He is a Fluid. He borrows the tone and color of place.

He has met almost everybody. You will shake hands with Mark Twain, Rosa Bonheur, the "Emperor Norton," Paul Verlaine, Kipling, Whistler, "Dick" Canfield, Tony Robert Fleury—but it is a Who's Who of two continents. His two anecdotes of Mark Twain and "Dick" Canfield, for instance, stick in the mind like stories you do not wish to forget. There are an endless number of such anecdotes and "stories." On page——no, I will not tell. Read the book. There was a student at Harvard by the name of Henry Cabot Lodge who wanted to kick young Simmons downstairs. Barbey d'Aurevilly told him that he thought Victor Hugo was "as stupid as the Himalayas" (what a stupid simile!). And at seventy Mr. Simmons says: "I do not wish to belong to my own generation. 'Whom the gods love, die young' does not mean that they die when they *are* young, but that they are *young* when they die, and I would not ask anything finer from a generous Creator." Also: "Meanwhile there is still beauty in the curve of a wave or a woman's breast, there is liberty, and there are friends. But best of all there is hope. I am still an optimist." Mr. Simmons has raised life to the dignity of a sport—and greater philosophy hath no man.

BENJAMIN DECASSERES

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Old World Fragrance

The Shakespeare Garden. By Esther Singleton. The Century Company. $3.

THE Babbling Bard, prolific author, provocator of a vast literature, is made the excuse for some pleasant delving in the extensive garden lore of the flower fanciers and herbalists of Tudor and Stuart days, with scholarly recollection of flower myths of Persia, ancient Greece, and the Norse lands in addition to those of Merrie England, and with gleanings of what Sophocles, Mohammed, Chaucer, Pliny, and Bacon, as well as Parkinson and Dr. Forbes Watson—those flower-loving contemporaries of Shakespeare—had to say of the flowers the playwright mentioned. It is not a mere professional or categorical study, but an aesthetic appreciation of the sensibilities of the Elizabethan horticulturist. He was an artist, intermingling and blending the colors of his flowers to produce a mosaic of rich, indeterminate color, ever new and ever varying as the flowers of the different seasons succeeded each other. He was physician to the soul, seeking in every season, including winter, to have flowers and shrubs in the garden that would tempt the owner to seek pleasure and exercise there.

And while he was duly concerned with mingling the perfumes of flowers plucked for the Tussie-mussie, quaintly named Elizabethan nosegay, he was equally concerned with harmonizing the odors of growing flowers to scent the air deliciously. Lord Bacon, Miss Singleton recalls, enumerates for the amateur those "flowers and plants that do best perfume the air" because, as he says, "the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (whence it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand." He expresses an especial delight in the perfume of burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints when they are trodden upon and crushed, and suggests that you "set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

This more subtle achievement of delighting the sense of smell as well as the sense of vision is an aim, one regrets to say, no longer sought for by gardeners. That it may be accomplished by the writer of books is the testimony of this volume. There is fragrance for the city-bound in the recounting of the flowers that Shakespeare loved enough to mention them in his plays: "Lady-smocks all silver white," "cuckoo buds of yellow hue," "violets dim and sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," "an April daisy," "morning roses newly washed with dew," "fine flower-de-luces," "honey-suckles ripened by the sun," "winking Mary-buds," "the soft myrtle," "sweet marjoram," "maiden pinks," "sweet thyme true," "daffodils that come before the swallow dares," pansies for thoughts and poppies for dreams, and "azured harebells." It is a charming book; its material, interesting alike to flower-lover and bookworm, is entertainingly presented, accompanied by valuable illustrations and reproductions from old wood cuts.

HELEN BUCKLER

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1922 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, December 1, and not later than Saturday, December 30, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 14, 1923.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Recess

IN the weeks that come just before Christmas the managers rest on such laurels as are theirs. If any playhouses are available they are rented by those undying persons of a ghastly sort who have money, or have friends who have money, as well as what they believe to be an unacknowledged masterpiece. A study in the pathos of human delusion and futility could be written on these mute, inglorious Ibsens. The managers may not be ideal persons. But beware of a play not financed by one of them. The one play immediately worthy of any notice is, of course, Molnar's "Fashions for Men" at the National Theater. But its bright bits of realistic coloring, its one or two moments of genuine feeling, its excellent performance by O. P. Heggie and Helen Gahagan—none of these things can really hide its brittleness and inner factitiousness. It is not for nothing that Alfred Kerr once invented the name of a new animal and gave it to Molnar. The name was *Tantièmerich* (royalty hound).

Why, at such a time, may not a critic take an evening off? I went to see Miss Grace Cristie dance. With her were, unexpectedly, a very interesting pianist, Martha Baird, and an equally interesting harpist, Mildred Dilling. Miss Baird played three Chopin études—including the ineffably beautiful E Major—with extraordinary delicacy, with a tenderness almost too caressing. It wasn't quite Chopin—a romantic man, but a man. It was charming nevertheless. She played a hauntingly fascinating Cretan dance measure by Erik Satie and a grave air by Rameau. Miss Dilling, among other things less important, played a pastorale by Scarlatti.

Miss Cristie dances very quietly and simply. She dances to music by Beethoven, Brahms, Rubinstein, Sibelius. Also to the airs of Negro Spirituals. Her dancing is largely confined to gesture and is always on the edge of actual pantomime. Her object is never pure rhythm; it is always speaking rhythm. And the only question is whether mere rhythm is not violated by being made to speak quite so explicitly. She relies largely on the movements of her arms, of her hands and wrists. These are marvelously eloquent. With hands and wrists alone she can project mood, paint character, create a shadow, at least, of ecstasy. She can dance in a more conventional mode and perhaps she disdains it too completely. I am not convinced by the program notes concerning "human unfoldment" and "subconscious potentialities" and "a purer art expression." But I never yet saw a dancer, a musician, or an actor who could grasp the nature of a concept. They play with words as though words were bits of colored glass or whiffs of opium. If the sound or flavor of a word gives them a certain feeling of inner expansiveness, that is all they ask.

What I wanted most to see was the famous Benda masks which Miss Cristie uses in four of her definitely pantomimic dances. These masks surpass one's expectation. They have the

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unbelievable blending of imperturbability and high expressiveness that you find in the faces of the ancient Cingalese marionettes; they have the morbid grace of the puppets of Teschner of Vienna. They catch and "eternize," to use the Elizabethan word, and interpret human moods and characteristics. No sculptor would dare to be so concrete. But, then, these masks, though necessarily sculptural in the technique of their production, do not stand in galleries. Their use is always dynamic. They sway with the dancer who wears them. They can flout the distinctions of Lessing. They need neither repose nor fundamental beauty. They are fixed, but their fixedness whirls and lives. Miss Cristie uses the mask of a Hindoo princess at her prayers, that of the frog in the fable who—for once I believe the program note—typifies the fate of the human ego, that of, let us say, Vanity, and that of Folly. As she assumes each mask she remolds her extremely plastic body into its mood and character. She dances no longer herself or any mood created by herself, but the mood and character—grave, animal and human, subtly strutting, grotesquely foolish—of the mask she has assumed. The effect is extraordinary; it extends the boundaries of art; it adds to the store of one's aesthetic experiences a novel and most thrilling one.

Perhaps Miss Cristie's boldest experiment is her interpretations of Negro Spirituals. She dances "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Standing in the Need of Prayer." Here she becomes, necessarily, rather realistic and realistic in an almost conventional way. Her Negro woe is beautiful and credible; her Negro triumph is not quite so. Its touch of the grotesque is left merely grotesque. Something failed here—her art or her imagination. Her high moments are with the Benda masks; her highest when in "Rebirth" she moves, to the Sibelius music, toward the final ecstasy of the human spirit and, sustained here but a moment, shows the mere wistfulness, the timeless yearning that is man's portion in the end.

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International Relations Section

Crushing the Rumanian Peasant

By D. N. LUPU

[*The success of the Croatian Peasant Party of Jugoslavia, which has forced the resignation of the reactionary Pashich Party and made Stephen Radich Prime Minister, the control of Bulgaria by its peasant majority, and the general rise to power of the Southeastern European farming class make this article particularly important. The writer is the leader of the Rumanian Peasant Party.*]

BEFORE the Great War the political factors in Western Europe, represented by parties, were capital and great industry, high finance and large landed property on the one side and the industrial laborers in the various socialist parties and trade unions on the other side. In Eastern and Southeastern Europe the feudalistic landlords predominated in the capitalist group. Industry being little developed, socialism with its militant political force was weak. The majority of laborers were agricultural, poor, and unorganized, without political expression, and enslaved to the owners of the large estates.

The Great War has shaken Europe to its foundations. Century-old forces have been destroyed. Thrones and crowns have passed to the museums. Nations have liberated themselves from chains that seemed eternal; live forces have come to the surface of the social, political, national, and international life. Like an immense volcano, Europe is still seething and will continue to seethe for decades. The spectacle of five years of diabolic butchery, the waste of work accumulated for centuries, the destruction of millions of young lives, the irreparable impoverishment of the civilized elements of humanity cannot easily be forgotten. Nor could it have happened without making men consider the cause of this woeful disaster and the possibility of avoiding its repetition. We must despair of the progress of mankind if from this war we have learned only to prepare for another.

Among the powerful political forces following the war in Southeastern Europe the most significant is the awakening of the peasant masses and their organization in political governing parties. Here, as in other domains of human existence, suffering was the great teacher. In Rumania, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, and Poland, where such parties have developed, the peasant is the chief factor in the nation and forms 75 to 85 per cent of the whole people. He thus provided nearly 85 per cent of the cannon fodder; he and only he. His master was always protected, and after the war became richer. In the days when the rain of fire never ceased, when his brothers fell by the thousands, a new conscience was born in him. Many of these peasants were made prisoners in western countries and learned from the western workingmen. Thus it happens that the peasant of post-war Europe is a being entirely different from what he was before the massacre.

The peasant parties are not socialist. The peasant is an individualist, and if he demands that the big landholder be expropriated he demands at the same time that the estates be divided among the people. So powerful is this instinct that in Soviet Russia, where the government is in the hands of the Communists, they have been compelled to yield to the peasantry, which refused the collective property of the soil and insisted on individual partition of land in lots. In general the peasant parties claim that the tillable soil must cease to be an object of speculation in the hands of bankers and monopolists, and must enter completely into the ownership of those who till it: *La terre au laboureur*. They give to the expropriated proprietors a just compensation in money for the annexed and divided land; unlike the Russian Communists who took it without any compensation.

Neither are these parties capitalistic. By taxation of capital and income, by the development of cooperatives for production and consumption, they strive to limit the influence of the financial trusts and monopolies. In the realm of internal policy they demand that democracy be real. The large internal budget, they say, must not go toward paying for the army, police and gendarmerie, and other instruments of oppression, which employ hundreds of thousands of men, thus subtracting them from production and transforming them into parasites; it must be used for general culture and the professional and technical education of the masses. They advocate better hygienic and sanitary conditions for the rural population. They demand a thorough investigation of the source of the riches of all war profiteers, and suggest that the greater part of the war debt be paid by heavy taxation of excessive wealth.

In international relations they are for general disarmament and peace among nations. They know very well from the recent war that the peasantry has only to lose, and that those who gain in such bloody affairs are the manufacturers of ammunition and their like. For this reason the idea, most wholesome and effective—in fact the only effective one—of submitting to a popular referendum the question of declaring war, is especially strong in these parties. Adhering to their own nations, cultures, and traditions, which make them the component elements of the human family, the peasants know that race hatred and jingoism are instruments frequently employed by reactionaries and capitalists to incite the masses to slaughter for the sake of the greedy profiteers. They believe that they can group the masses of the workingmen of the continent round certain economic principles of general cooperation and thus eliminate definitely intolerance, race and religious hatreds. The economic United States of Europe is their ideal.

The Treaty of Versailles failed to provide for a system of transportation and commercial relationship between states to avoid the economic troubles of today. The peasant parties stand for the freedom of international exchange and oppose the custom tariffs, which the consumer alone has to pay. In addition there have remained in the various new states strong minorities of other faiths and tongues. To take Rumania as an instance, with the territories granted her by the treaty—territories whose populations, by a vote of the majority in the national assemblies, have annexed themselves to the mother country: There exists in Bessarabia one-third of the minority as compared to two-thirds Rumanians, and in Transylvania 42 per cent belong to three different races and the remaining 58 per cent, consisting mostly of the rural population, are Rumanians. The Rumanian Peasant Party knows that only by a sincere application of the right of the minorities granted by the treaty will it be able to strengthen the Rumanian state. The Rumanian reactionaries, however, oppose it. They believe that the populations of the new territories, Rumanians and non-Rumanians, have been given them as booty and prey for exploitation. For this very reason all the working masses in Rumania, Rumanians as well as non-Rumanians, are flocking to the Peasant Party, and see in its principles the realization of their dreams of complete economic, political, religious, and cultural freedom.

Internally they stand for the political liberty of women. During the war all kinds of burdens were heaped on the women, burdens which they shouldered most courageously. Yet in time of peace they are denied the right of political equality with man no matter what their qualifications. I have seen in Rumanian villages women who know how to read and write because they were not taken away from school when they were very young; reading books and the newspapers, they give political advice to their husbands, who are illiterate because from early childhood they are forced to till the soil instead of going to school. As for the form of government, these peasant parties are against the tyranny of kings. The only form under which they tolerate them is that of the English monarchy—strictly constitutional. The king shall reign, not govern; he shall be

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impartial, not dictatorial or in possession of any direct power.

These are the guiding general principles of the new peasant parties which have come to life in Southeastern Europe. They have nothing revolutionary in them to frighten a true democrat and a true American. Many of our demands are accomplished facts in the United States and our ideal is to become what your country now is.

The obscure and reactionary forces of the past, the camarillas which are the unavoidable corollary of monarchies, cannot tolerate these growing forces which will take from their hands the political leadership and suppress their economic privileges. These dark forces are more bitter against the peasant parties than against the Socialist parties, because the former are stronger and more to be feared; and they use various reactionary means to fight them. Their principal means of combat are oppression, persecution, corruption, calumny, and distortion of the truth concerning the aims of the peasant parties. Among the calumnies the most ridiculous and most frequently used is that of bolshevism. Any protest against an injustice is tagged as bolshevism. All that is new, all that is against the black or white reaction—is bolshevism. Another charge is that the peasant parties are against culture, against intellectuals. But in Rumania the Peasant Party has more brilliant intellectuals than there are in all the reactionary parties combined. University professors, physicians, lawyers we have by the hundred. The name of the party is the Peasant Party because it defends foremost the interests of this class, which is so numerous that it is often confused with the nation itself. It gladly accepts as members, however, all tillers of thought, the scholar, the technician, the specialist, as well as the workers of the soil and factories, the peasant and the proletarian.

If the reactionaries had based their fight on calumny alone, they would have lost their ground long ago. Their most terrible arms, however, are persecution and terror. I witnessed the elections in New York City on November 7. Seeing the perfect quietness and absolute freedom that prevails, I thought with melancholy of the spectacle of the elections in Rumania during the month of March, presided over by Mr. Ioan I. C. Bratianu, the chief of Rumanian reaction. Annexing to himself, as Minister of the Interior, a general sans glory, who consented to be the assassin of the people, Mr. Bratianu hatched the deputies who today say they represent the will of the Rumanian people. The Peasant Party was not allowed any clerks at the polls as is provided by law. They were arrested or killed before the elections. The vote guaranteed by law as secret became open, and whoever voted for the Peasant Party was attacked by hired gangs and beaten to death. The officers and the gendarmes, who crowded the electoral booths, violated the ballot boxes during the night—the elections lasted three days—and filled them with the governmental ballots, destroying those of the citizens who had already voted. In some cases the magistrates expressly appointed for the elections did not even open the ballots, declaring elected the reactionaries who represented Mr. Bratianu's government. This was done in the district of Arges, and other places. The power was stolen by Mr. Bratianu, not given him by the will of the voters.

The writer of these lines has taken part in political strife for the last twenty years, and he always came to the polls followed by his electors. This time, however, threatened with assassination by the brother-in-law of the Minister of the Interior, he was entreated by his electors to absent himself from the elections and remain in his home. Yet so great is the strength of the Peasant Party that the writer was elected in four districts, in spite of the enormous difficulties of the voters; the village school teacher Mihalache, one of the leaders of the Peasant Party, succeeded in five districts; and the university professor Stere in four.

The crimes of the reaction that calls itself jocularly the "Liberal Party" were so great that whereas it procured eight seats in Parliament at the previous elections, now, although public sentiment has not changed, it has the necessary majority for manufacturing laws against the workingmen and the peasantry. Immediately they took away the people's right to obtain land, overburdened them with all sorts of taxes, gendarmerie, dishonest clerks, and tax collectors.

The Peasant Party and the Party of the Transylvanian Rumanians who are treated alike and who obtained many seats in the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, refused to take part in a Parliament created by such means. They feel that hundreds of their coworkers have been tyrannically deprived of the right to sit in Parliament. These representatives of the people have declared null and void all laws passed by the reactionaries and have demanded from the King a return to civilization and the election of a free Parliament. The King so far has remained mute, has consented to be crowned by one unpopular party, and has spent fabulous sums, disregarding the will of the people. But as the Rumanian poet says:

All that lives in this country,
the river, the forest,
Are only our friends, and for thee—
thy enemies they are . . .

The Peasant Party realizes the difficult situation of Rumania, and, being more patriotic than the usurpers of the power of today, it has abstained from violent methods and made its fight only by legal means. It feels certain that only by such means will it succeed, that the Rumanian peasant is intelligent, sober, wise, and persistent. He alone preserves the Rumanian land and nation. He is the conserver of the language; his are the traditions; his the charming popular poetry, the fairy tales; his the picturesque costumes, the music, the art.

His is the country, his shall be the control of the country.

Shall Austrian Culture Die?

By F. NITTI

[*The following appeal to American universities, printed exclusively in* The Nation, *was written by the former Italian Premier in the hope of saving from ruin one of the greatest centers of culture in Europe.*]

OF the 470,000,000 people who live in Europe, at least 200,000,000 are in a state of political chaos. Production is ruined, the world's trade has lost its great routes, and Europe is disintegrated or worse still, balkanized. The same brutal force which is manifest in international relations obtains also in internal affairs. Unrest prevails everywhere, in all countries. In less than eight years the microbes of hate have poisoned the whole organism of European life. Only a few years ago youth had ideals; today it hails force.

The intellectual productivity of Europe, with Germany as its center, seems to be paralyzed. The vicissitudes of life, the lack of means which is daily increasing owing to the monetary depreciation in many countries, above all the new "ideals" of the young who today pay homage to murderers and robber chieftains such as Korfanty rather than to saviors of human life such as Röntgen and Behring—all this affects to their detriment the universities throughout Europe. The new generation has respect for force more than for law. Yes, a part, perhaps the largest part of their activity, has for its aim the manufacture of new apparatus of death and destruction. We must combat all this unless we are to face an even greater decadence, yes, even brutalization.

For this reason I should like to exhort my friends in America and the heads of the American universities to restore the University of Vienna. German Austria, shrunk to a population of six million, one-third of which lives in Vienna, is completely ruined. Her currency is practically valueless, she can purchase nothing in foreign countries, and is visibly using up her modest resources. If it requires at least 1,000 kronen to buy a pound of bread, even an annual income of one or two million kronen connotes abject misery. The intellectual classes are in the worst plight. Along with the general economic and financial decline of Austria one of the greatest centers of civilization and culture

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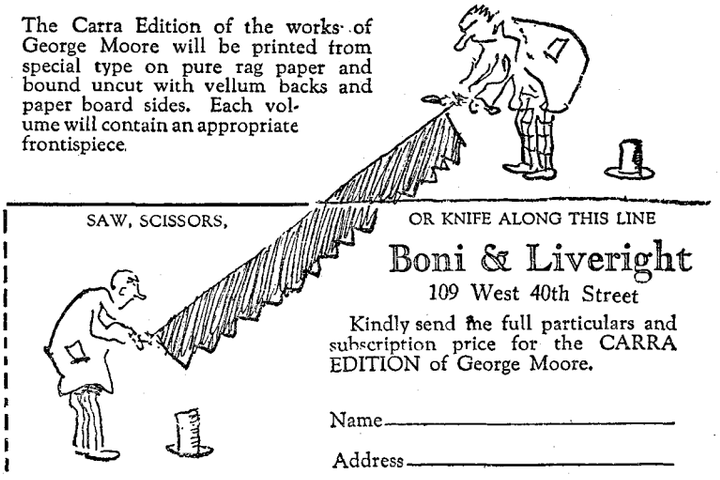

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in the world is facing ruin: the University of Vienna. Up to a few years ago Vienna, from the standpoint of number of students attending, was the third largest university in the world, but from the standpoint of cultural significance it probably occupied the first place. Here were educated not only the Germans of Austria, but also all the other peoples of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as well as of the Balkans and the Orient. The University of Vienna was the great center of Oriental civilization, and other scientific institutions supplemented its enormous work. Among its professors were and are many of the foremost scholars in the world; biology, medicine, the natural sciences in general, mathematics, political economy, law are taught excellently in Vienna even today. Civilization and science owe much to its professors. In the United States are thousands of lawyers, physicians, mathematicians, engineers, scientists who received their training in Vienna. As an old university teacher I have always regarded the University of Vienna as the most illustrious center of culture.

But our colleagues and friends, I might also say our teachers, at the University of Vienna are almost all of them in dire distress. Many of them are suffering, if not actual hunger, the most bitter privations. Most of them can scarcely exist, and are unable to purchase books or conduct scientific research. In their beautiful university buildings reigns pale misery; one has to be content with what is left from before the war. New things can no longer be acquired. Of course, the professors receive as salaries a large sum of kronen. But how can they live on that? Including all increases in salary the professors at the University of Vienna today receive no more than a tenth of what they received before the war. To meet the most urgent need, university board has had to be provided for the professors, and even that is very scant. The inevitable further depreciation of the krone must drive the professors to despair.

Up to a few years ago the Austrian Government gave to the Wassermann Institute—as before the war—800 kronen for the purchase of rabbits for scientific experiments. The sum has been increased tenfold, but it serves no purpose, since one rabbit today costs more than 5,000 kronen. Only recently Viennese citizens and bankers established a fund of 50,000,000 for the university. But the depreciation of the krone is so enormous that 12,500,000 had to be spent for a much-needed X-ray apparatus. The foremost scholars are not in a position to follow the most important foreign publications or to purchase foreign books.

One of the blunders of the Treaty of St. Germain was to compel Austria to treat students of the succession states as Austrians. Now it is a matter of record that out of 12,000 students at the University of Vienna at least 5,000 are from these succession states. They are poor people, mostly Jews who are not tolerated in the Polish universities which admit only 3 per cent. Consequently a large number of foreign students are now dependent upon Austrian charity.

When one considers what science and civilization owe to the University of Vienna one must grieve at the moral degradation of Europe and be nauseated in the presence of its indifference. As a post-war premier of Italy I always sought to help Austria. The war was a necessity for us, but after the war the duties of civilization and the rights of humanity ought to have been put into operation again. I hope that the noble sentiments of human solidarity will find the same echo as before the war in the United States which stands aloof from the European imbroglio. I appeal therefore to the presidents of American universities and to my American friends and exhort them to give assistance in a task which history will designate as the first manifestation of noble humanity after the Great War, as the first attempt to stop disintegration. I ask them to devote their resources to the rebuilding of the university and the research institutions of Vienna. To the American mind, at once practical and idealistic, belongs the honor of such a comprehensive undertaking. If the presidents of the American universities and their friends (there are so many rich and generous people in America) could form a syndicate which would undertake to contribute annually for a period of ten years $400,000 to the support of these institutions of learning, the famous old university would immediately begin to flourish again. Just as the lighthouse points out the haven of safety to the ship buffeted about by the waves in a stormy night, so too will the shining lighthouse of the University of Vienna, rebuilt and restored with the aid of America, point out to all the peoples of the East the new path of civilization. Wealth amounts to nothing unless it serves a great cause, and what I propose to my American friends is the noblest task they can fulfil.

In the midst of the hateful chaos of European nations, of brutal passions, and the delirium of peace which continues the war, in the midst of the insanities of allegedly "democratic" nations that commit outrages which no absolutism has ever perpetrated, we will restore the light to the lighthouse of the University of Vienna. Perhaps that will prevent the shipwreck of many souls, and the new light of civilization and life will shine throughout Europe and the East.

An Appeal for Ireland

AN appeal in behalf of the families of Irish Republican prisoners has been issued by the Irish Women's Mission at present in the United States.

TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA:

The undersigned members of the Irish Women's Mission, representing the Irish Republican Soldiers' and Prisoners' Dependents' Fund, with headquarters at the Mansion House, Dublin, Ireland, and an American office at 8 East Forty-first Street, New York, confidently appeal to the people of the United States to provide the necessaries of life for thousands of suffering Irish women and children during the coming Christmas.

The families of some of the Republican prisoners are not only totally unprovided for, but even appeals in their behalf in Ireland are not permitted. We have, therefore, only to hope for a helping hand from the United States. . . .

We want, through this appeal, to provide at least a Christmas meal for the families of over 12,000 Irish Republican prisoners (roughly estimated at 36,000 persons). These 12,000 prisoners are partly untried civilians and partly prisoners of war. We also care for maimed and wounded and provide for the dependents of those shot or executed. . . . No part of the fund will be devoted to political or military objects, but all will be used for purely humanitarian purposes. Hon. Owen W. Bohan has consented to act as national treasurer of the fund, and all contributions should be sent to him at 8 East Forty-first Street, New York.

HANNA SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON, MURIEL MACSWINEY, LINDA MARY KEARNS, KATHLEEN BOLAND,
Irish Women's Mission

The Fifth Avenue Restaurant

Under the personal management of THEODORE KEMM, Proprietor

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AT NIGHT SOLELY DEVOTED TO THE SERVING OF BANQUETS, AFTER-LODGE SUPPERS, BUSINESS GATHERINGS, DINNER DANCES, SMOKERS AND BEEFSTEAK DINNERS.

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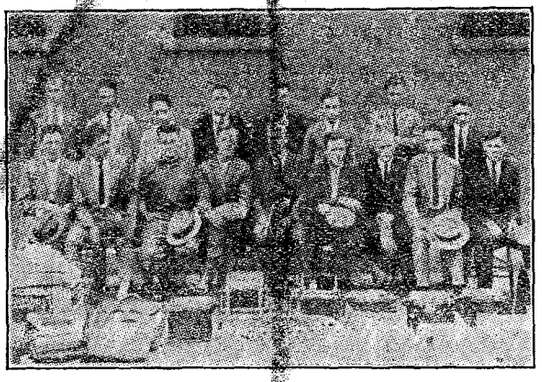
This Christmas Give for Liberty and Freedom

ON CHRISTMAS DAY 2,000 years ago, an humble Carpenter was born. He brought the world the message of the "brotherhood of man" and preached "peace on earth and good will toward men."

On Christmas Day in the year 1620, a little band of Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. They had fled to this country to escape persecution for their beliefs. Here they sought to establish a community which would not persecute men for ideas, but which would guarantee all men the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

On Christmas Day in the year 1777, hundreds of American soldiers lay in the winter snow at Valley Forge, suffering terrible hardships. Why did these men suffer? What did they look forward to? Their hopes and aspirations may well be expressed in the words of Thomas Paine, who said, "The birthday of a new world is at hand and a race of men . . . are to receive their portion of **freedom."**



Some of the twenty on trial for trying to use their right of free speech.

And Yet After All These Centuries of Struggle for Liberty

ON CHRISTMAS DAY in the year 1922, twenty men will be on trial for their ideas. On August 21, 1922, these men were arrested at Bridgeman, Michigan. Among them were William Z. Foster, leader of the great Steel Strike and organizer of the packing house workers, and Charles E. Ruthenberg, secretary of the Workers Party of America. These twenty men are charged with being communists and are held under the Michigan State Criminal Syndicalist Law.

There is no federal law in the United States under which the holding of or preaching Communist doctrines by citizens is a crime. Yet the raids and arrests were made under the direction of and with the cooperation of the United States Department of Justice. Not a single overt act has been committed by, or charged against the defendants.

What Americans Think of the Red Raids

Chicago Federation of Labor:
"The arrest of more than a score of men noted for their Progressive views and activities in the labor movement on the charge of violating the so-called "Criminal Syndicalist Laws" of Michigan creates a crisis that cannot be ignored by anyone concerned in the maintenance of American civil rights or in the struggle of workers for a decent standard of human rights."

Lincoln Colcord:
"Freedom is Freedom. The right to believe is the right to believe anything. The right of free speech is the right to state whatever you believe. The United States was founded in support of these rights and this freedom."

Eugene V. Debs to William Z. Foster:
"All I have to say is that when I have recovered my strength sufficiently to take up my work again, I shall be with you shoulder to shoulder in your stand for the working class and industrial freedom."

Reverend Charles M. Lathrop, Executive Secretary of the Department of Social Service of the National Council of the Episcopal Church:
"Our government particularly in the arrest of the alleged communists in Michigan seems to take the position that it is a crime to be a communist. I cannot help but be reminded of the original communists who were the first converts to the Christian faith. If the Roman Government in the early days of Christianity had taken the same attitude, the entire Apostolic College would have been arrested, Saint Peter, Saint John and the rest of them. They would have been in the same position as Mr. Foster, Mr. Ruthenberg and the others are today. Fortunately the Imperial Government of Rome at that time was not so reactionary. As an American citizen and speaking for myself, I want to take my stand on the basic right for anybody in the United States to be a communist who wishes to be one."

American Civil Liberties Union:
"There is not a single issue in this case except those of free speech and freedom of assembly. No overt criminal act of any sort is charged."

John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church, New York:
"I rejoice in the work that your council is doing on behalf of our basic American rights of free speech, free press and free assembly. The wanton violation of these rights by the United States Government in recent years constitutes one of the blackest scandals in American history. If such violation is to be ended it must be by the concerted action of the people and more especially labor, which is the chief sufferer, in protest against the action of government officials and in defense of all victims who suffered lawless oppression."

LABOR DEFENSE COUNCIL
National Office, Federation Building,
166 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
New York Office,
Room 434, 80 East 11th Street.

Enclosed please find.....dollars as my contribution toward the defense of the Michigan prisoners who are fighting for the fundamental rights of American Liberty.

Name.....

Address.....

Frank P. Walsh, Chief Counsel
William Z. Foster, Secretary

National Committee

Roger N. Baldwin	Eliz. G. Flynn
Norman B. Barr	Max S. Hayes
Dennis E. Batt	John H. Holmes
Eugene J. Brock	Francis F. Kane
J. G. Brown	Dr. John A. Lapp
Robert M. Buck	Frances C. Lillie
John C. Clay	Moritz J. Loeb
Lenotta M. Cooper	Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
R. D. Cramer	Hulet M. Wells
Eugene V. Debs	Geo. P. West

John C. Flora

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"WE don't know where we're going but we're on our way," sang the Cleveland conference—at least the editor says on another page that if it didn't it should have.

"We don't know where we're going"—but there was an election that inspired more editorials on Bolshevism in the Zenith *Advocate* than any event since the famous explosion in Wall Street; and within a month two large conferences have been held for the express purpose of thumbing their noses at the two old parties.

"We don't know where we're going"—but a group of "radicals" are going to run things their own way in the next Congress. Do they know where *they* are going? Who are they anyway? Well, for one thing, most of these leaders are regular readers of *The Nation*. Shipstead is; La Follette is; Borah is; so are others.

Perhaps you can find out where they are going by reading what they read. If the men who are going to control the affairs of state in the next Congress read *The Nation*, so should the citizens whose government they are going to control.

We want 15,000 thinking citizens to start reading *The Nation* NOW, because "we're on *our* way."

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20 Vesey Street, New York.
I enclose $5.00. Send **The Nation** for a year to

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12-27-22

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